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# Little Anne of Canada

by  
**MADELINE  
BRANDEIS**



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LITTLE ANNE *of* CANADA



LITTLE ANNE OF CANADA

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# LITTLE ANNE *of* CANADA

BY  
MADELINE BRANDEIS



*Photographic Illustrations*



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## PREFACE

When I began to write these stories about children of all lands I had just returned from Europe whither I journeyed with Marie and Ref. Maybe you don't know Marie and Ref. I'll introduce them: Please meet Marie, my very little daughter, and Ref, my very big reflex camera.

These two are my helpers. Marie helps by being a little girl who knows what other little girls like and by telling me; and Ref helps by snapping pictures of everything interesting that Marie and I see on our travels. I couldn't get along without them.

Several years have gone by since we started our work together and Marie is a bigger girl—but Ref hasn't changed one bit. Ref hasn't changed any more than my interest in writing these books for you. And I hope that *you* hope that I'll never change, because I want to keep on writing until we'll have no more countries to write about—unless, of course, some one discovers a new country.

Even if a new country isn't discovered, we'll find foreign children to talk about—maybe the children in Mars! Who knows? Nobody. Not even Marie—and Marie usually knows about most things. That's the reason why, you see, though I sign myself

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Madeline Brandeis". The signature is written in dark ink and has a fluid, personal style.

I am really only

Marie's Mother.



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## AUTHOR'S NOTE ABOUT THE PICTURES

I made up little Anne out of my own head. That is, I made up the story-book Anne. But all the time there was a real little Anne living in the real world and acting in motion pictures. Her name is Gloria Fisher and I think it is the best luck that I found her to pose for the pictures in this book. For if you want to know how I imagine little Anne—well, just look at these photographs of Gloria!

My good uncle, Alexis L. Ehrman, is not a Scotchman. He does not live in Canada. He has no daughters but seven sons, and his wife is not dead. Otherwise he is exactly like Andrew in the story, who is a Scotchman, lives in Canada, has one little daughter, and whose wife died many years ago! But the twinkle in his eye is so like Andrew's twinkle that in spite of all their differences I think he makes a very good Andrew. Don't you?

Now on the other hand Mrs. Sidney Johnson is like Tante Marthe in real life, for she is the very proud mother of seven children, two of whom are posing for characters in this book. One is young Paine Johnson who sits up in his high-chair and plays the part of the baby like a true actor. The other is Dick Winslow, my good friend whom I have

wanted to put into a book for a long time. As Paul, the cookee, Dick is quite at home—but then, Dick would be at home anywhere, doing anything! He is, by the way, a prominent screen player.

I haven't said enough about Mrs. Johnson, but if I were to say all there is to say about her no room would be left for the story. Not that she wouldn't make just as good a story for she is the most interesting and wonderful woman I have ever known. She is a mother, a writer, an editor, a musician—and now she is little Anne's Tante Marthe.

If I had looked all over the world I couldn't have found a more John-like John than Victor Potel. Many of you will recognize Mr. Potel as one of the screen's best character actors. I must tell you, too, that he loves children every bit as much as did John from St. John.

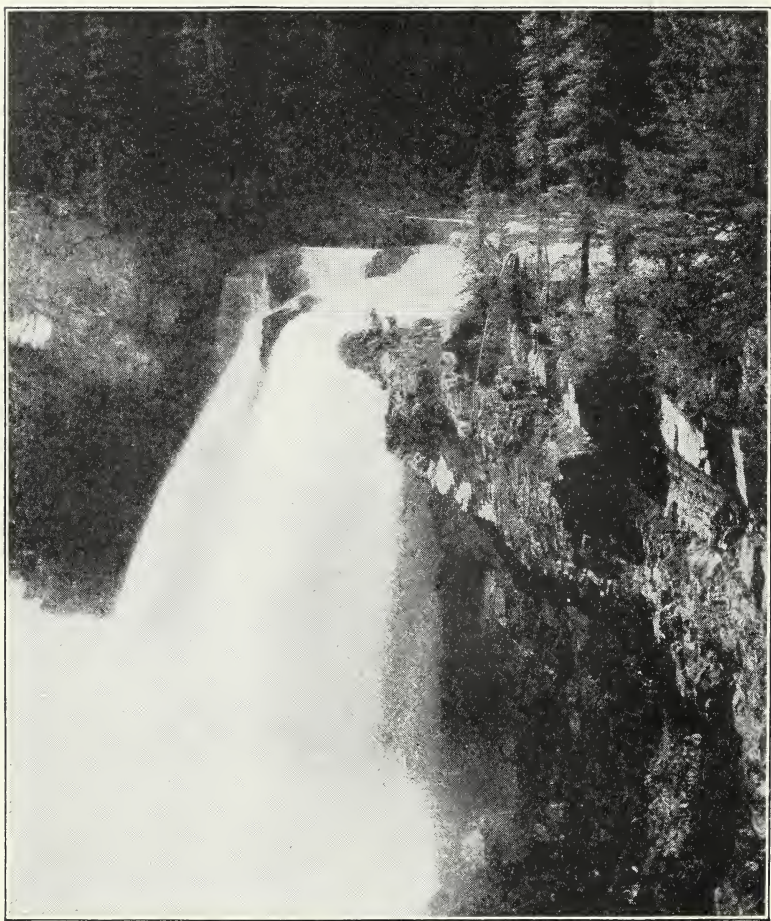
For decorating my book so well, I want to thank all these obliging friends.

*Madeline Brandeis*

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SNAKE INDIAN RIVER FALLS, JASPER NATIONAL  
PARK, CANADA

# Little Anne of Canada

## CHAPTER I

### ANNE IS ALMOST PUNISHED

It was early on a frosty morning when the bells of the churches began ringing. Anne sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. Anne was seven years old and had black, bobbing curls. She lived in the city of Quebec (kwē-běk') in Canada.

"Tante, Tante (tänt)," called the little girl.

She was not yet fully awake. But that did not matter. Anne talked from the moment she opened her big brown eyes until the sleepy night came to close them.

"Tante, it is morning," she called.

She sprang out of bed, and now she was really awake.

Her aunt's cross voice came to her from the next room.

"Hush, child. It is too early to be stirring," scolded the voice. "Go right back to bed quickly!"

But Anne did not go right back to bed. First she went to a tiny bureau in her tiny room and took from a tiny drawer a very big letter.

Then she hopped into bed and drew the covers up high and opened the letter. She wrinkled her little white brow and stuck out her little pink tongue.

She was making believe that she could read the letter. But she could not read this letter at all because it was written in English.

Anne understood and spoke only French. That is why she called, "tante," which means aunt in French.

It seems strange that a little girl living in North America should understand only





MAKING BELIEVE SHE COULD READ THE LETTER

French. But in Quebec, Canada, there are people who know no English at all.

This is because long ago the French settled in Canada. There were many wars between the French and the English, for both wanted to own Canada. Finally England won, and now Canada belongs to England.

But the great, great, great-grandchildren

of those French people who settled so long ago are still living there.

In certain parts of the city of Quebec one hears only French spoken. Yet some of the words could not be understood by a real Frenchman. The reason is they are not real French words. They are words that have been made up in Canada.

This same thing has happened in other countries. In Switzerland, where they speak German, French, and Italian, some of the words are quite different from those in Germany, France, and Italy.

Anne lived in a poor little old house on a cobbled, narrow street. She lived with her Tante Marthe (märt) who had eight children.

Anne's mother had died when Anne was a small baby. Anne's mother had been the sister of Tante Marthe. That was why Tante Marthe had taken the child to live with her.

Anne's father was far away in British



CLASPED THE PRECIOUS LETTER TIGHT

Columbia, which is in the west of Canada. Quebec is in the east. So it was as though you had lived in New York and your father in San Francisco.

The letter that Anne was trying to read came from her father far away in British Columbia. Do you wonder she was interested in it?

Anne's father wrote to her very seldom. She had not seen him since her mother had died and she had been left with Tante Marthe. She did not remember him at all.

When she asked why he never came to see her, Tante Marthe answered, "He is busy. He works hard in a lumber camp. He works to send money to you."

Tante Marthe always sighed when she spoke of Anne's father.

Once she said, "Ah, poor man! He has never forgotten her."

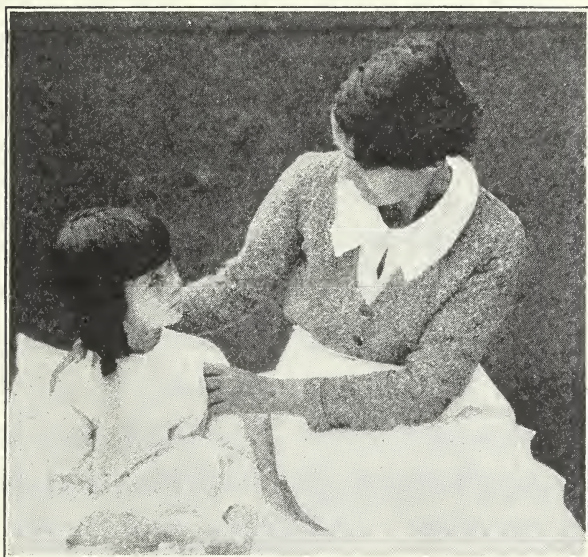
Anne knew that by "her" Tante Marthe meant Anne's mother.

"But why," thought Anne, "does he stay away from me?"

Anne was too young to understand that her father's heart had broken when her mother had died. She could not understand how he had felt to lose his beautiful young wife.

He never again wanted to see the place





"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

where she had died. So he gave Baby Anne into the keeping of Tante Marthe and went far away.

But yesterday this letter had come. This letter had come telling them that Anne's father was thinking of leaving British Columbia. He was thinking of traveling to Ottawa (ōt'ā-wā) to work in a lumber mill.

That was all he had said, except that he would write soon again. Anne had taken the letter to her room. She was now looking at it for the tenth time.

"D-E-A-R M-A-R-T-H-E," spelled Anne.

She knew what "dear" meant and she knew her tante's name. Then the letter said mysterious things to little French Anne. For Father was a Scotchman.

He had come from Scotland to Canada many years before. He had married Anne's French mother, and they had been very happy. Anne's mother had learned to speak English, but Anne's father had never learned to speak French.

"Oh, he must come! He must!" breathed Anne.

She sat up in bed and clasped the precious letter tight. Then she began to make dreams. She loved to make dreams. It was something she could do so easily.

The other children always coaxed her to

do it for them. None of them could make dreams as Anne could. She would tell stories like this:

“The fairy boat glided along until it came to the end of the river. And there was a big, high falls, rushing, rushing along.

“The tiny fairy boat went faster and faster and faster. It could not stop. Soon it would be at the end and then—”

The children’s eyes would grow big. But Anne would smile and say, “Tomorrow I shall tell you the rest.”

Then the children would say, “Oh!” and “Ah!” and “Do tell more!” And sometimes Anne would tell more.

Now, Anne was making a dream about her father. In the dream another letter was coming today. The other letter was telling that Father had decided to leave British Columbia right away. He was coming to Quebec to fetch Anne and take her away with him—anywhere, far away.

Anne's eyes sparkled as she dreamed herself all dressed in traveling clothes, with her father hoisting her up into a big train. Off they went. They sat close to each other, and her father kissed her curls and called her his little daughter.

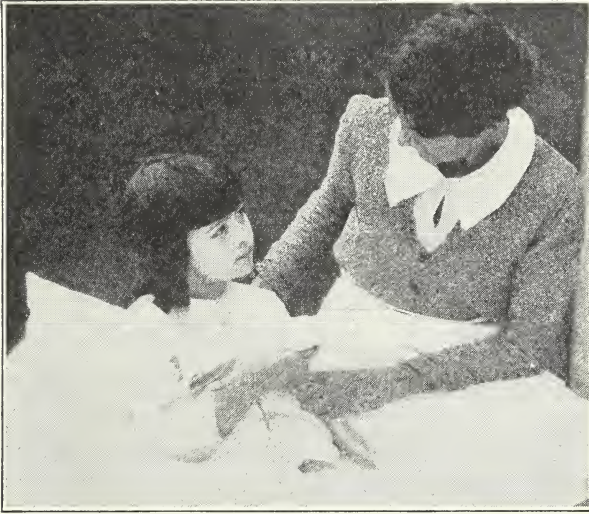
It was all very wonderful. But it was only a dream, and soon the dream was interrupted by a rough shaking. Anne looked out of her dream, and there was Tante standing over the bed, very tall and dark, and shaking Anne.

Tante had scowls between her eyes. Those scowls never seemed to rub out. But Anne thought she knew why they were there. Anne thought she, too, would wear scowls if she had such a very large family.

Of course Anne loved her eight little cousins. But sometimes they were noisy and naughty.

Now she noticed Jacques (zhāk), a boy of nine, standing in her room near the door.





"SEE? I WAS READING THE LETTER"

He was smiling broadly as Tante scolded Anne.

"What have you been doing? What?" demanded Tante angrily. "We have finished breakfast long ago. I sent Jacques twice to call you. Did you not hear him?"

Anne looked bewildered. Then a pleasant smile spread over her pretty little face as she answered her aunt.

"No, Tante, I did not hear Jacques," she said. "I had no idea that it was late. See? I was reading once more the letter of Papa."

She held up the large letter.

Jacques began to laugh.

"Ha! You cannot read the English language," he sneered.

"Quiet, idiot!" screamed Anne. She was angry. Her dark eyes flashed. "I can read what my own papa writes!"

But Jacques laughed again. Anne reached for a pillow. She threw it at Jacques and hit him in the face.

He started to throw it back. But Tante shooed him out of the room and screamed angrily to Anne, "Get up, do you hear? Lazy one! Not another moment in bed! And when you come downstairs I shall punish you."

When Anne came downstairs she stood before Tante with her head bowed. But Anne was really not afraid of Tante. She



ANNE REACHED FOR A PILLOW

knew that Tante sounded much worse than she really was. As the saying goes, "Her bark was worse than her bite."

Tante grew excited and angry very easily. But she was really kind underneath it all.

"Anne," she said slowly, "you have been dreaming again and forgetting everything

else. I must punish you even if it makes me feel very bad to do it."

Anne looked sorry. She said, "Then don't do it, Tante, for it makes me feel very bad, too."

Tante's tan face grew less severe. She almost smiled. She took Anne's hands in hers.

"Anne," she said, "you are a little monkey. I can do nothing with you."

Then she kissed her little niece, and Anne ran off singing.

## CHAPTER II

### ANDREW LEAVES

Andrew McGill was foreman of a lumber camp in British Columbia. He had been working at this lumber camp for a long time. He liked to work among the tall trees.

Andrew, the foreman, was a tall, hardy Scotchman with straw-colored hair and a twinkle in his eye. But he looked as though he didn't use the twinkle in his eye very much.

Today he sat outside his log hut and thought about his pretty young wife who had died seven years ago in Quebec.

Then he began to think about his little daughter who was born seven years ago and now lived in Quebec with Tante Marthe. As he thought about Anne, he used the twinkle in his eye.





ON THE ISLAND HIGHWAY, NORTH OF VICTORIA,  
BRITISH COLUMBIA



## HE USED THE TWINKLE IN HIS EYE

He used the twinkle because he had a plan. The plan was to surprise his little daughter Anne.

"I'll not be writing at all," thought Andrew. "Not until I get to Ottawa. Then I'll be writing to Marthe. And in the letter I'll



tell Marthe to send the wee one to me."

Andrew had at last decided to see his little daughter. He thought it would be nice to surprise her and have her sent to him on a boat to Ottawa.

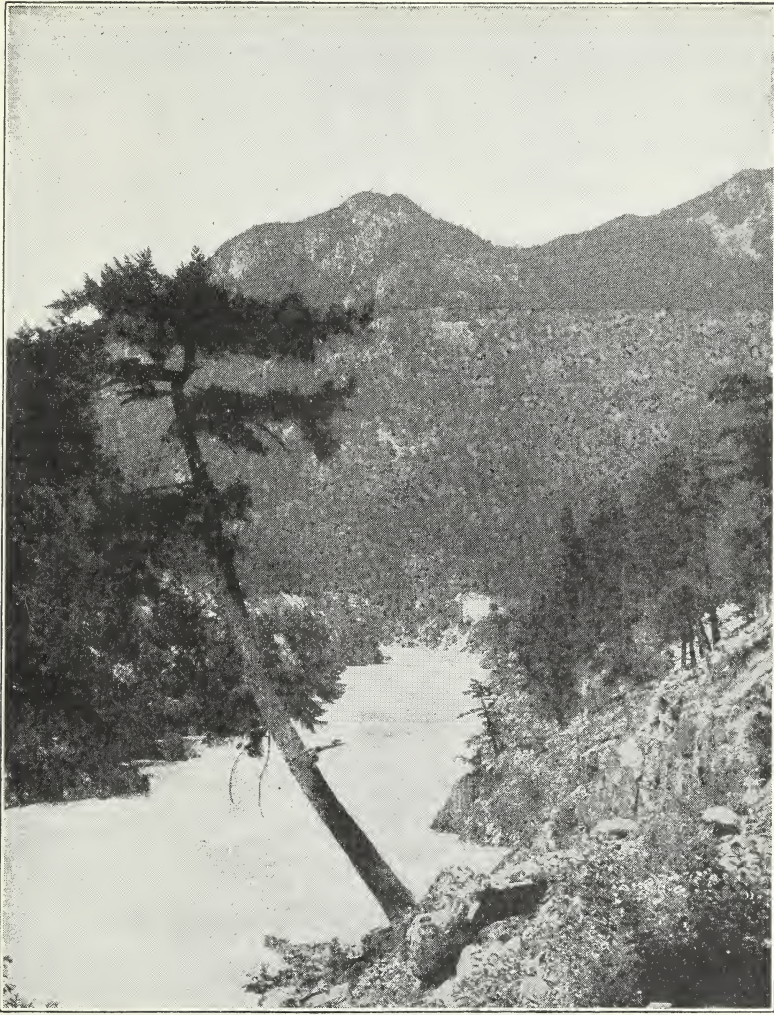
They would spend a few days together in Ottawa. Then Anne would go back to Quebec, while Andrew would begin work in the lumber mill in Ottawa.

But Andrew had no idea what unexpected things were to happen to his plans.

So he packed his things and left the lumber camp. He felt sorry to leave beautiful British Columbia.

Andrew had often gone to the mountains. He had passed through Indian villages. He had seen strange totem poles in these Indian villages.

The totem poles were built years and years ago by the Indians. They are carved with fantastic figures, which are brightly colored.



SAWTOOTH CANYON, FRASER RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Andrew had also visited glorious lakes and falls. Most of the scenery in British Columbia is very beautiful.

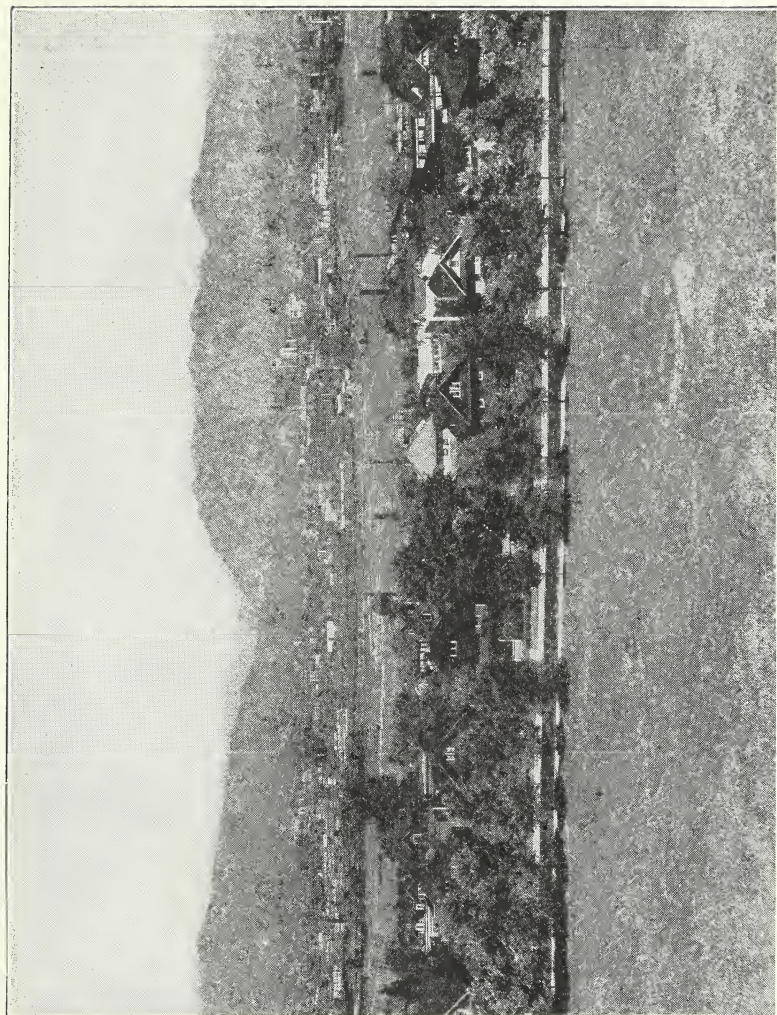
But Andrew was happy today because he was going to cross the great Dominion of Canada. Because he was going to see a little girl who lived across the great Dominion of Canada.

First he went to Vancouver. Here he was to see the gentleman who owned the lumber camp. This gentleman liked Andrew. He had promised him a job in the lumber mills of Ottawa.

So Andrew started for the gentleman's house in Vancouver. The day was clear and fine. The winters in Canada are cold, and it rains and snows a great deal. The summers are delightful.

Andrew passed Stanley Park, one of the most beautiful parks in the world. Vancouver is a busy, growing city. Many English people live in Vancouver.





FALSE CREEK AND BUSINESS SECTION OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The owner of the lumber camp greeted Andrew and said, "I am sorry you must leave British Columbia. If you will take this letter to the manager of the mill, he will give you a place in his lumber mill."

"Thank you, sir," said Andrew.

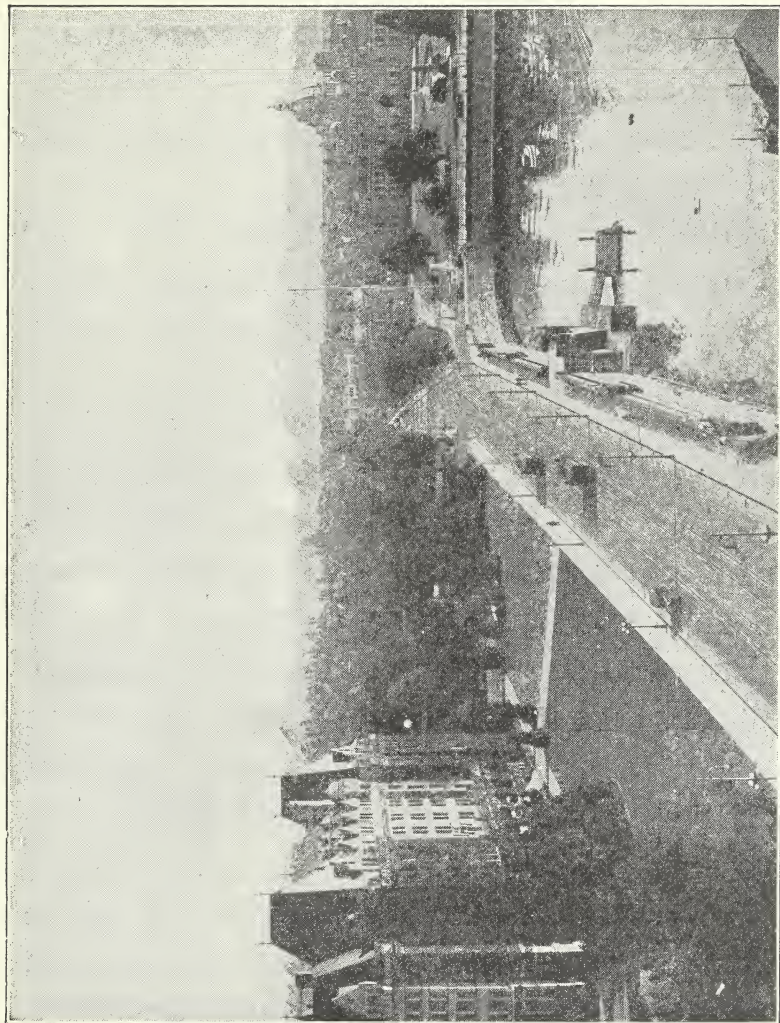
Later Andrew was seated on the train speeding through the country. Andrew loved his adopted country. Of course he had a very tender feeling for Scotland because he had been born there. But it seemed to him that he had helped to build this new land of Canada.

For Canada is something like our own United States. Different people from different places have come to settle there. The children of these people are real Canadians.

Anne was the child of a Scotchman and a French woman. But Anne was a real Canadian.

There are other reasons, too, why we Americans feel close to Canada. At one





VIEW OF THE CAUSEWAY, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS  
AND PART OF THE INNER HARBOR, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

time we belonged to England just as Canada now does. We are also very close neighbors, and Canada buys more of our products than does any other country.

Andrew's train is going very fast. Let us make a dream just as little Anne does. Let us imagine that we are on the train with Andrew.

Only, of course, we are not a tall, sturdy Scotchman who has lost his job. And we are not going to work in a lumber mill. Nor are we going to meet our little girl, whom we have not seen for seven years.

But even so we can make believe that we are on that train because we can learn something about Canada by being on that train. Even the big, tall Scotchman, Andrew, is going to learn.

Scotchmen love to learn. So let us be traveling Scotchmen for a few pages, and then we'll go back to Anne and to the story.

### CHAPTER III

## TRAVELING ACROSS CANADA

We are going to travel from western Canada to eastern Canada. We are now leaving the land of high mountains. We are leaving one of the best fur lands in the world.

Northwestern Canada has bears, otters, wolves, and deer in its forests. It also has beavers—many, many beavers. In fact, the beaver is the national Canadian animal.

This is because the beaver has been so plentiful, and much money has been made by its pelt. In the far North, the people trade with the beaver instead of with money. One beaver pelt is worth a certain number of other pelts. A silver fox pelt is worth many beavers.

The beaver is a very busy little animal that builds dams. He reminds one of the busy



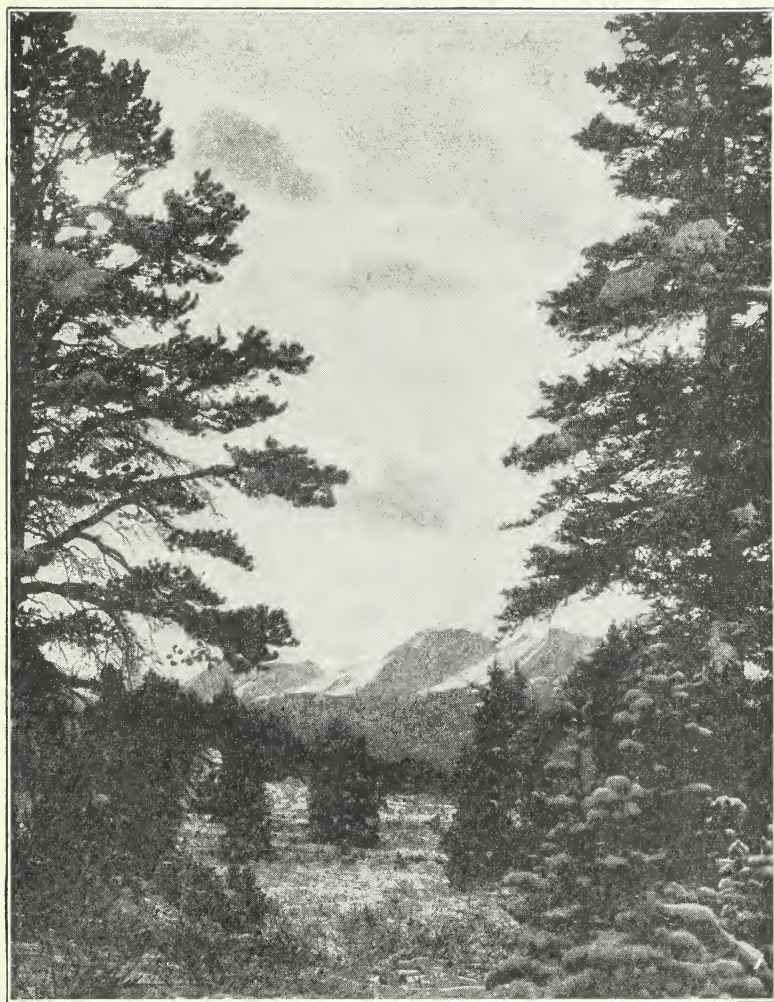
Canadians themselves. Building is perhaps the greatest thing in the world—not only building houses and bridges and dams, but building knowledge and freedom for people.

The Canadians were the first to free the slaves. Many years ago they passed a law that children born of slaves must not be taken from their mothers. The law also said that any slave who came to Canada from another country was immediately free.

This happened seventy years before Abraham Lincoln proclaimed the freedom of the slaves in the United States. You can imagine how many slaves tried to escape from the United States to Canada. At that time, Canada, and not the United States, was the land of liberty.

The Canadians love liberty and freedom. They fought during the World War, though they were not forced to. Their armies won many victories for the Allies.

Here goes Andrew's train through the



BLUE CREEK VALLEY, ALBERTA, CANADA

province of Alberta. Canada is divided into provinces as the United States is divided into states. In each province we shall see something different.

In northern Alberta engineers have discovered the oldest preserved trees in the world. Just think! Those trees looked down upon savage cavemen and animals whose skeletons you now see in the museums. Once they were roaming the forests and those same trees stood guard above them.

“Regina!” calls the conductor.

The train stops at the capital city of the province of Saskatchewan. This is where the Royal Northwest Mounted Police make their headquarters.

These brave Canadian police ride over all that region teaching law and order. They are also known as “The Riders of the Plains.” They are soldiers-of-all-work.

Sometimes they must act as mail carriers, firemen, even dog doctors. When poor peo-





LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



CANADIAN WHEAT FIELD

ple fall ill and there is nobody to care for them, often these men come to their aid.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police are greatly respected by everyone.

Through Manitoba we roll along. Here is one of the largest wheat-growing lands in the world. We thunder past field after field of wheat.

We stop and think that once these wheat fields were not here. Once, before the trains thundered through the country, deer and buffaloes roamed about and Indians hunted.



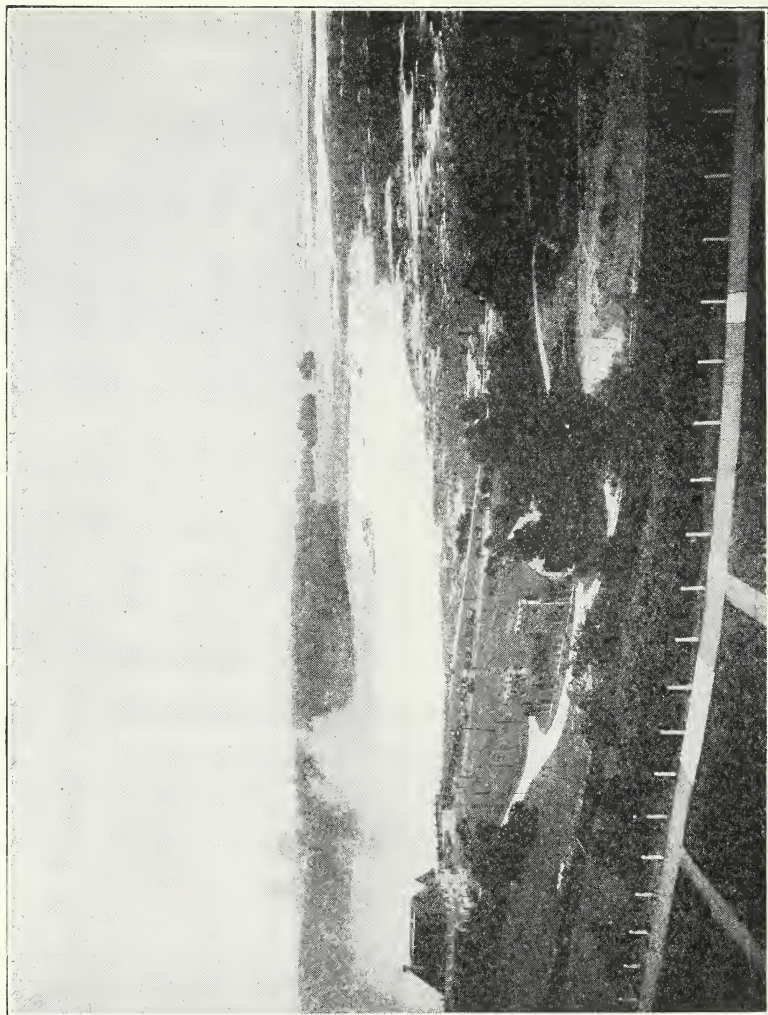
But now the deer and buffaloes, and the Indians, too, are gone. Of course there still are Indians, but they live very much as we do now. They farm the land, and their children go to school.

The railways have done much for Canada. They bring travelers and make the country prosperous. Anne's father is traveling on the Canadian National Railway. This great railway has trains running across the whole Dominion of Canada.

Now Andrew and we have finished half of our journey. It has taken us only a few minutes to travel all this distance. But remember that it took Andrew a few days.

Now the train enters the province of Ontario. This is the richest province in Canada. More people live here than in any other province.

Ontario borders on the Great Lakes. The United States shares the Great Lakes with Canada. We also share Niagara Falls, one



NIAGARA FALLS

of the greatest wonders in all the world. It is a sight one can never forget. The water roars as it plunges down the cliffs. Rainbows form in the sun.

The power obtained from Niagara Falls supplies electricity for running factories, street cars, and for lighting cities.

We are traveling through a part of Ontario which is covered with forests. We pass lakes and rivers and trees, trees, trees. Canada sends much lumber to other countries. Men work in the winter time chopping down trees.

Every day we use things that are made out of trees. Paper, pencils, furniture, and many other familiar articles are made out of trees. No other country except Russia has so much forest land.

There are also fine farms and orchards in Ontario. Some of the best horses in America come from this province.

Our trip is nearly over. See! Andrew is





BAY STREET, TORONTO, CAPITAL OF ONTARIO

beginning to pack his bag. The train will soon stop in Ottawa. Here Andrew will get off and go to a lumber mill to seek his job.

Just a short distance from Ottawa is the city of Quebec. Just a short distance from Andrew is his little daughter Anne.

But Anne does not know that right now her tall Scotch father is alighting from a train in Ottawa. She does not know that soon he will write to Tante Marthe and ask Tante Marthe to send Anne to him.

Let us go to Anne while Andrew is walking the streets of Ottawa. We have been good travelers and learned something. We have heard about a big country. Now let us hear about a little girl.



## CHAPTER IV

### ANNE IS SURPRISED

The family sat around the supper table. A big bowl of pea soup decorated the center of the table. Everybody was busy eating.

There were Tante Marthe and her husband, Uncle Louis. There were Jacques and Marie and Mimi and Louise and Elaine and Pierre (pē-âr'). The baby, Paul, sat in his high chair.

The oldest boy, Léon, had not yet come home.

And then, of course, there was Anne. Anne looked rather sad.

"The little mill is very quiet tonight." said Uncle Louis.

By "the little mill," he meant Anne because her tongue usually flew around like the busy mill.



THE BABY SAT IN HIS HIGH CHAIR

Uncle Louis was a small, dark man who had bright black eyes and a tiny black mustache.

“Oui, oui (wē),” agreed Tante Marthe, which means “yes, yes.” “The little chatter-box is silent. I think I know why.”

They all looked at Anne. Her big brown eyes were full of tears.

"It is true what you think, Tante," she said. "The letter from Papa did not come."

With that Anne burst into tears and fled from the room. The baby, Paul, started to cry, too.

"Hush, my angel," said Tante. She hugged the baby close to her. "Poor Anne is wanting that letter so very much," she explained to Uncle Louis.

"She is a silly girl," scoffed Jacques. He tipped back his chair and began balancing it on two legs.

"Make him stop, mama," screamed little Mimi. She was thin and pale and afraid of everything. "Make Jacques stop. He will surely fall."

This only made Jacques tip his chair further to tease Mimi. Pierre loved little Mimi, and was angry with Jacques for teasing her. So he gave Jacques' chair a push.

Down went the chair. Crash! Mimi screamed. Pierre looked frightened. Baby

Paul howled. Tante Marthe rushed over to see whether Jacques was hurt.

Anne came in to see what the fuss was all about. She saw Jacques sprawling on the floor. She heard the room in an uproar. Uncle Louis was waving his arms.

"It is a disgrace the way you children act! A disgrace!" he stormed.

Anne had been crying in her room. But when she saw that Jacques was not hurt, she began to laugh.

"Oh, but you are so funny!" she laughed. "What a funny sight you are!"

Baby Paul laughed first. Then the rest smiled, and even Tante had to smile.

Uncle Louis lit his pipe and said, "Oh, well!"

After supper they made candy. It was like our molasses candy that we pull. They were making it to sell. Next day some of the children were to take it to a shop and sell it.



Each child pulled some of the candy. Jacques roped Anne with a long strand of it and pulled her around the room. Tante told him to stop. But he would not.

Louise hit Jacques over the head with her candy. Jacques cried "Ow!" and tried to hit back. But just then the big boy, Léon, came home and made them all behave.

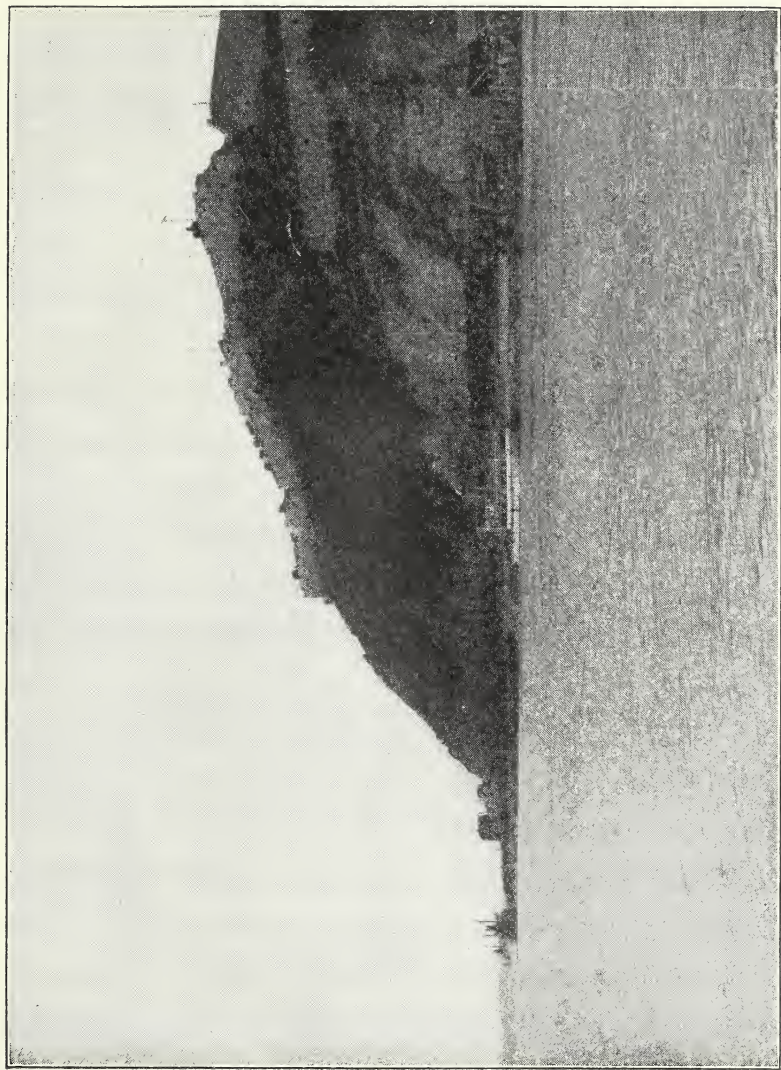
Soon the candy was finished. Then came the favorite part of the day.

"Now make a dream for us, Anne," said Mimi.

The children grouped themselves about Anne. Anne made a dream for them. But it was a sad little dream because she was thinking of a letter that did not come.

When Tante was tucking Anne in bed she said, "Soon the letter will come, dear."

They did not know that Anne's father was in Ottawa that very night. They did not know that a very surprising letter was then on its way to them.



THE CITADEL, CITY OF QUEBEC

Next morning Anne and Pierre went to a shop to sell the candy. They walked along the narrow, cobbled streets.

Quebec is like a city in Europe. It is very old. A great many of the houses have queer pointed roofs. The streets are very hilly and steep.

There are really two Quebecs. One is called Upper Town and the other Lower Town. In Lower Town are the shops and the houses of the poor people. Upper Town is built on a great rock and surrounded by walls. The citadel and fortified walls of Quebec are centuries old.

Anne and Pierre went to a funny little tumbled-down shop. A fat shopkeeper with three chins met them at the door.

"Ah, my chicks," he chuckled, "here we have some more good candy from the kitchen of Mother Côté (kō-tā')!"

Côté was the name of Tante Marthe and Uncle Louis and the eight little cousins.

Coté is a very common name in Quebec. It is like Smith or Jones in the United States.

"I shall give you so much," said the fat shopkeeper.

He held out some money. Pierre was about to take it.

But Anne cried, "No, no. That is not enough for the delicious candy! You must give more cents!"

In Canada they use dollars and cents as we do. The fat shopkeeper laughed and reached in his pocket. He pulled out some more money and handed it to Anne.

"You are a good one at a bargain, little onion," he said. He pinched her cheek good-naturedly.

Anne and Pierre walked along the old streets. They saw many children playing about. The Canadians have large families. A funny story is told about this.

At one time the government offered a gift of one hundred acres of land to any-



one who had twelve children or more. The government was surprised when many fathers demanded two hundred acres because they had twenty-four children apiece!

Anne and Pierre started up a very steep flight of steps, which would take them once again to Upper Town. They call these the Break Neck Stairs, and it is a good name.

They passed statues of great men. On many of these statues were the French words which mean "I remember." These words also mean that the French Canadians want to remember their brave ancestors who settled in Canada.

They want to remember their French ancestors, even though Canada is now a part of the British Empire and loyal to the British flag.

But Anne was not thinking of ancestors or flags as she walked along holding the hand of her little cousin Pierre. Anne was thinking of only one thing—to go home

quickly and see whether a letter had come.

When they reached the tiny house, Anne called, "Tante, Tante, has the letter come?"

Now, the letter had come. But Tante wanted to tease.

So Tante said, "I shall tell you nothing until you tell me if you have sold the candy."

"But yes, yes, and for ever and ever so much money! Oh, for so much!" said Anne.

"And it was Anne who did it all," added honest little Pierre. "The shopkeeper said that Anne is a good one at a bargain. What is a bargain, mama?"

While Tante explained to Pierre about a bargain, Anne stood on one foot and then on the other. She twisted her apron all out of shape in her eagerness and anxiety.

"Now, Tante, quick! Is the letter here? Is it?" she asked.

Tante tried not to smile. "Go to my sewing basket," she said. "Lift the lid. Then bring to me what you find there."



ANNE HUGGED HER

Anne did as she was told, and ran to Tante's sewing basket.

She was so glad she jumped up and down just like a jack rabbit, and her eyes got as big as soup plates when she found the letter.

"Read it. Oh, read it quickly, Tante, and tell me what it says," she squealed.

So Tante sat down with all the children

about her and started to read the letter.

"Oh, see," she exclaimed, "it comes from Ottawa. Andrew is in Ottawa."

"In Ottawa!" whispered Anne. "Why, that is near by! Oh, very, very near by!"

Anne was trembling.

"Listen, then," said Tante.

She translated the letter into French, for it was written in English. She read:

"Dear Marthe:

You will be surprised that I am here in Ottawa. I expect to stay here and work in a lumber mill. Perhaps Anne would like to come and see me here, for it is not far from Quebec. She could stay with me for a few days, as there is no school now. You can put her on a boat going to Montreal (mōnt-rē-ôl'). The Captain will see her on the train for Ottawa, where I shall meet her—"

When Tante reached this part of the letter, Anne hugged her and screamed so that she could not finish. But finally she was able to read the end which said, "Much love to all, from Andrew." Then Anne took the letter and ran with it to her room.



CHAPTER V  
ANNE GOES TO OTTAWA

"Hurry, Anne!"

"Where is your bag?"

"Kiss me, child, and give my love to your father."

This last was spoken by Tante Marthe, who had tears in her eyes.

Anne was leaving the house. Everyone was excited. Everyone was bustling about.

Anne had never been on a journey before in her young life. She wore the best frock which Tante Marthe had made for her. She wore a little round hat and a reefer coat. She carried a small bag, and her heart fluttered.

"Good-bye," she said. Then, "Oh, one more kiss for Paul!"

She dashed to the baby's high chair and



PULLED HER HAT OVER HER EAR

hugged him. He pulled her hat over her ear. But Anne laughed as she straightened it.

Uncle Louis was taking Anne to the boat.

He was calling loudly from outside, "Hurry, hurry. You will miss the boat. Boats do not wait for people!"

At last they were gone. The family stood

at the door and waved them out of sight.

Anne was so happy that she could not even feel sad at leaving the family. For she would soon see her beloved papa. Besides, the trip would not be a long one.

The Captain of the boat was a friend of Uncle Louis'. Anne's father also knew him well. That was why he had written to Tante Marthe to put Anne on the boat in care of the Captain.

What a trip for little Anne! She sat near the Captain all the time, and he told her about the St. Lawrence River.

"We are on one of the greatest rivers in the world," said the Captain. "When Jacques Cartier (kär'tyā'), the explorer, asked the Indians the name of this river, they said, 'We call it River Without End.'"

"Has it no end?" asked Anne.

"Oh, yes, of course, little one," answered the Captain. "But the Indians did not know that. It looked so very big to them."

Anne seemed so interested in everything that the Captain wanted to tell her more. Everyone likes to talk when great, wondering eyes are fixed upon one.

"You know, of course, that the St. Lawrence River is full of history?" the Captain said.

Anne nodded her dark curls and looked wise.

"Yes," she said. "The teacher in school has told us some things about it. But," she smiled at the Captain, "you must know much more than the teacher!"

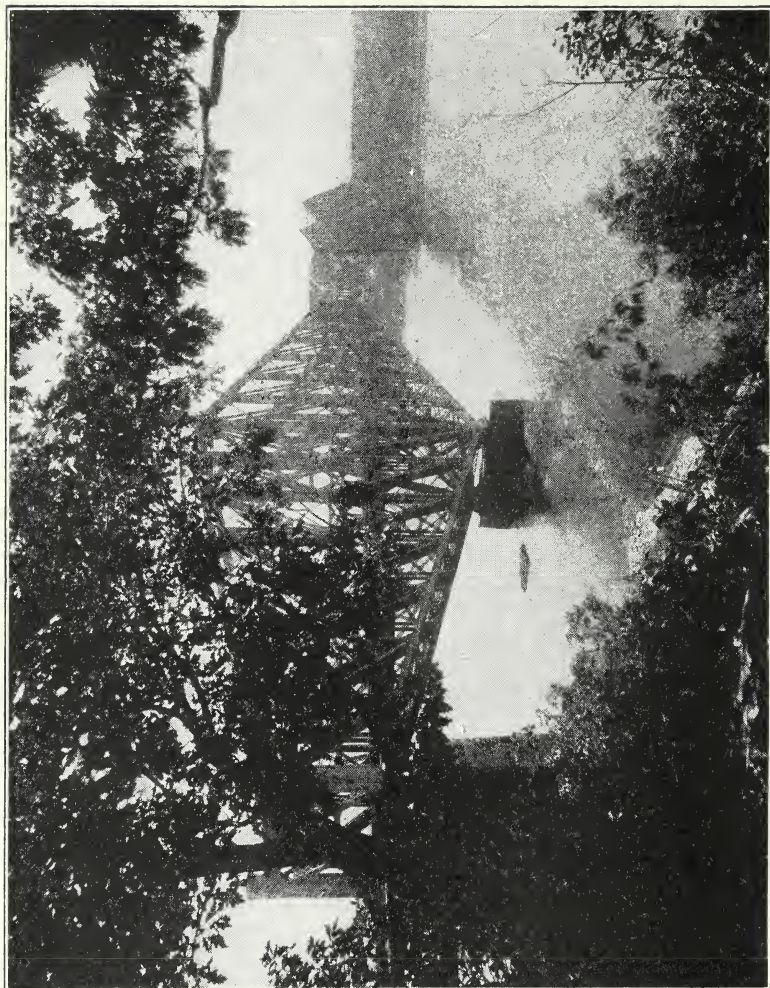
The Captain laughed.

"Oh, no, little one," he said. "All my whole life I have sailed on boats. I did not go to school very much. But one thing I do know about, because I made up my mind to learn about it. That is Canada. I love Canada, little one. I love it dearly."

"So do I," said Anne.

Then Anne suddenly caught the Captain's





QUEBEC BRIDGE

arm and cried, "Oh, quick! Look ahead! Our ship will never go under that bridge!"

The Captain answered calmly, "Wait and see."

Anne watched the great bridge draw closer and closer. It was the Quebec Bridge, one of the most wonderful bridges in the world.

But Anne was not the only one who had wondered whether the boat would pass underneath. Many other people have had that same fear. For it looks as though the bridge were much lower than it really is.

"Oh, see! We are really going under," cried Anne delightedly.

The boat passed under the bridge quite easily.

"We have never bumped our heads yet," laughed the Captain.

On they went. The Captain told Anne stories about the towns they passed.

"That is the town of Three Rivers," he

said. "Years ago it was used as a trading post by the Indians. It is one of the oldest towns in Canada."

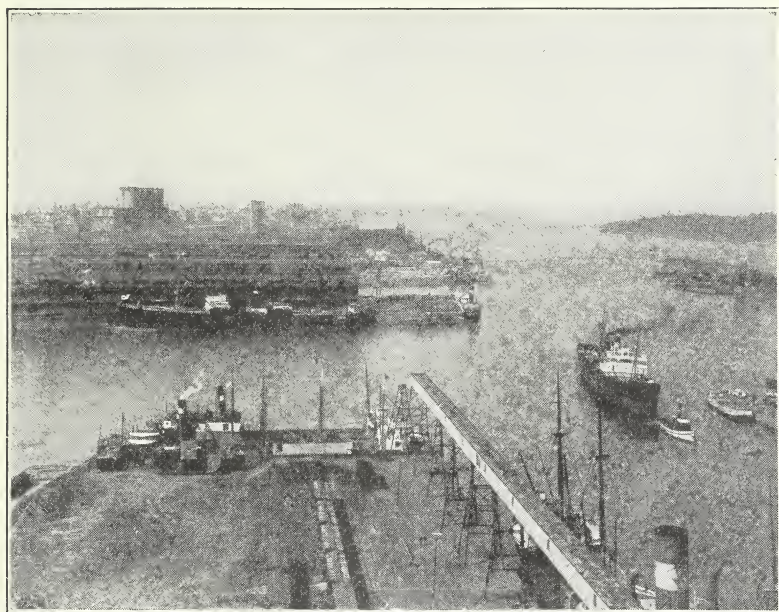
Later the Captain said, "There is the town of Verchères (vēr-shâr'), famous in history. Also, it will interest a little girl like you. In the town is the statue of a fourteen-year-old girl, Madeleine de Verchères.

"She was only a little girl when she saved the fort. Her father was away when, one day, there was an Indian attack. Madeleine and her two small brothers fought against the Indians for a whole week and finally won."

"I'd be awfully afraid to do a thing like that," said Anne.

The Captain looked at her and frowned. But he was joking when he said, "Oh, dear me! Then there will never be a statue to little Anne of Quebec! No, no!"

They reached Montreal harbor, and the Captain helped Anne off the boat.



SECTION OF MONTREAL HARBOR

He said, "Now I shall take you for a stroll through the largest city in Canada. Then it will be time for you to take the train to Ottawa."

Anne found Montreal much noisier than Quebec.

"Everything looks newer," she said. "Quebec is so very old."



"Montreal is named after Mount Royal, that big hill behind the city," said the Captain.

They walked along and suddenly Anne clutched her hat.

"O-oh! It nearly blew off! What a windy corner!" she exclaimed.

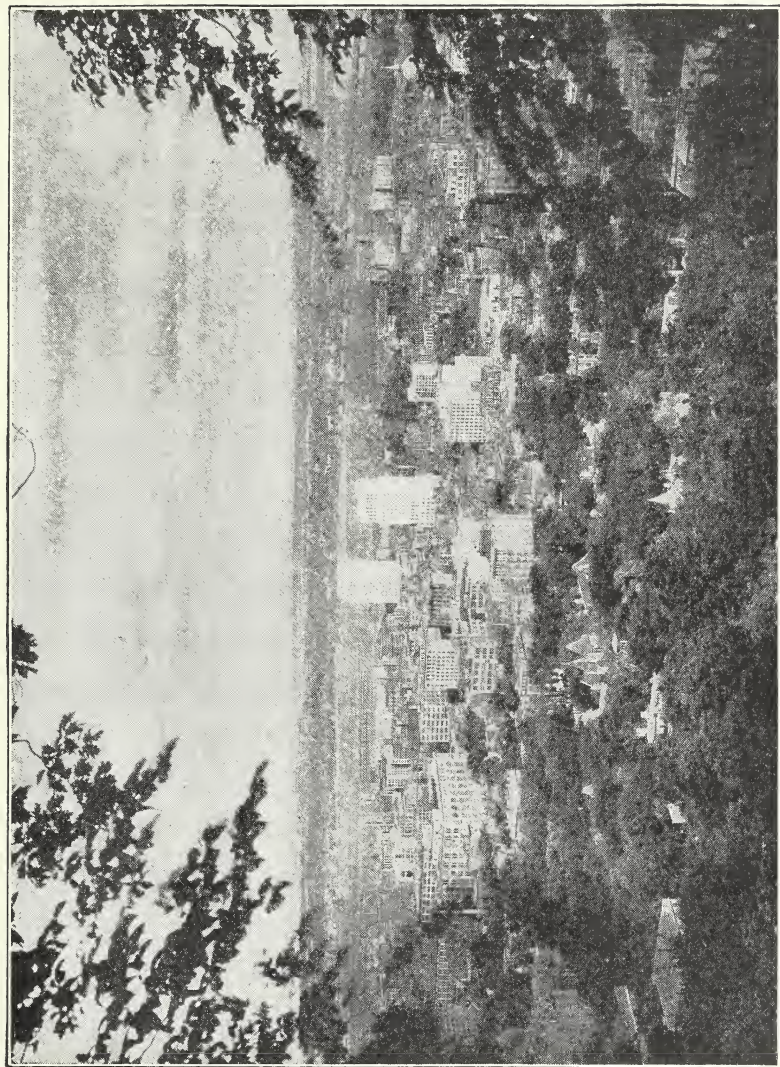
"Would you like a story about this windy corner?" asked the Captain.

"Is there a story?" inquired Anne.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Captain. "But come. Let us go to a restaurant and have some lunch. There I'll tell it to you."

When they were seated in the restaurant the Captain said, "There is always a breeze on that corner. The story goes that one day the Devil and the Wind were walking along. They came to a church and the Wind dared the Devil to go inside. The Devil took the dare and said, 'I will go inside the church. You wait outside until I come back.'

"The Wind promised to wait on that cor-



VIEW OF MONTREAL

ner. He waited and waited but the Devil never came out of the church. The Wind is still waiting there. And that is why he nearly blew your hat off just now."

"What a funny story!" said Anne. "I like stories. I like them especially when they are not true!"

"Oh, but you liked the true ones I told you about the towns on the St. Lawrence River. Didn't you?" asked the Captain.

"Yes," answered the little girl. "Oh," she sighed happily, "I like all stories. And I'd like to tell you a secret, Mr. Captain."

"What is it, little Anne?" asked the Captain.

"I am going to write stories when I am big," said Anne.

After lunch the Captain showed Anne the Park of Mount Royal. The roads winding around this beautiful park are kept for carriages only. No motor cars are allowed on these well-kept roads.

"Come. We must go to the station. You must leave for Ottawa," said the Captain.

As Anne stepped on the train, she said, "You have been very good to me, Mr. Captain. I thank you a thousand times."

"You will greet your father for me, little Anne," said the Captain, "and tell him that he should be proud of you."

When Anne's train pulled out of Montreal, suddenly a terrible thought occurred to the little girl.

"The Captain asked me to say something to my father," she began to think. "But how can I say something to my father when we speak different languages?"

Then Anne sat up very straight and her face grew pale. She and her father would not be able to understand each other! She had not thought of that before.

How terrible! What should they do?

Poor little Anne could not enjoy her train ride to Ottawa for puzzling over this.



## CHAPTER VI

### A STRANGE MEETING

Through little French villages and fields of flowers flew Anne's train. Ottawa is not a long way from Montreal, and soon the train entered the capital city of Canada.

Ottawa is where the Governor General of Canada lives. The Governor General represents the King of England. So Ottawa is an important city.

But poor little Anne felt very unimportant as the train stopped. Everyone pushed past her. Everyone seemed in a hurry to be off.

Maybe everyone was going to see the Governor General, thought Anne. Oh, she wouldn't be as afraid to meet the Governor General as she was to meet her own father!

Poor Anne! She did not even know what

her own father looked like. She could not talk to him!

"Come, little girl. The train has reached Ottawa. You must get off. Is there someone to meet you?" spoke the conductor.

Anne whispered, "Oui, oui," softly and took up her bag.

She was the last one off the train. She looked about her wildly. Where was her father?

Suddenly she felt a touch on her sleeve. She turned quickly. Standing beside her was a tall, rugged man with blond hair and blue eyes.

"Are you Anne? Do you come from Quebec?" asked the man.

He asked it in English so, of course, Anne did not understand. But she did understand the words, "Anne" and "Quebec."

So she said, "Oui, oui, Anne is my name. I have just come from Quebec to meet my papa. My papa's name is Andrew McGill."

Only Anne pronounced it "McGeel" just as any French person would.

"I am Andrew McGill," said the tall man very soberly.

He looked at Anne lovingly. But Anne did not understand.

She repeated, "Oui, oui. McGeel—McGeel—Andrew McGeel. Oh, why doesn't he come to get me?"

She began to cry. The tall man did not know exactly what to do. He scratched his head. Then he tapped Anne on the shoulder. She raised her eyes to his.

He pointed to himself and said. "I am your papa!"

Anne's eyes and mouth popped open wide. She started to jump up in the air. But she remembered in time that she was in a railway station. So she only gulped once or twice and looked harder at the tall man.

He then stooped down very low and kissed Anne. She threw her arms about his neck



"I AM YOUR PAPA"



and began to cry again. But this time she cried with joy.

"Oh, Papa, Papa, I was so very frightened," she sobbed. "But now I am no longer afraid for you are here, and I love you very, very much. I do really!"

She would have said more but Andrew picked up her bag and hustled her off. Several people were staring at them. Besides, Andrew did not know what the child was talking about.

All the way to the boarding house where Andrew took her, Anne kept talking. It did not seem to matter to her that her father could not understand what she said. It did not seem to matter to Andrew, either.

He looked at his little black-curled daughter with love in his eyes. The language of love is always understood. So Anne knew what her father was thinking.

"What a red city!" exclaimed Anne, as they walked along. "Everything is built of

red brick. And see the beautiful buildings and parks!"

Anne pointed to the Houses of Parliament.

"It is there that the laws of Canada are made," said Andrew.

Anne did not know what he had said. But she smiled at him sweetly and answered, "Yes, they are very pretty."

And Andrew did not know what she had said. So he also smiled sweetly and remarked, "They are good laws, too. Everyone should obey them."

It was a strange evening that these two spent together. The tall Scotchman said very little. But his blue eyes twinkled with happiness. He saw in Anne his dear wife who had died.

Anne had the same black hair and soft brown eyes. She brought back to Andrew all the happiness that his wife had brought him.

"How foolish of me to have kept away from the child all these years!" thought Andrew.

But Anne was not silent. No, not for a



moment. She jabbered and jabbered and asked hundreds of questions. She expected no answers and got none. She was no longer afraid of her father, even if they could not speak the same language.

"ANNE WILL SING YOU TO SLEEP" As bedtime drew near Andrew said, "You must go to sleep now, for tomorrow we are going to the lumber mill."

"Oh," laughed Anne, "I wish I could understand those funny words you say, Papa. I shall learn to speak English. You'll see."

However, she did not start to go to bed, and Andrew scratched his head thoughtfully.

"The wee imp will sit up all night," he thought. "And that is not good for children. She must go to bed. But how can I tell her that? Let me see."

Andrew then decided what to do. He tapped Anne gently on the shoulder. He said, "Watch," and closed his eyes. He leaned back in his chair and made believe that he was going to sleep.

"Oh, poor Papa!" cried Anne. "You are so tired. Anne will sing you to sleep."

She put a pillow behind Andrew's head and began to sing a French lullaby. Andrew listened as long as he could. Then he burst out laughing and jumped up from his chair.

"No, no! It is you—you who must sleep, wee Anne," he cried.

Anne then understood and laughed with her father.



“But I shall not sleep a wink, I know,” said she. “I am too excited. I am too happy!”

Nevertheless she tumbled into bed. Her tall father kissed her goodnight, and she was asleep before two sheep could jump over a fence.

## CHAPTER VII

### ANDREW IS SURPRISED

Next morning Anne and her father were off early for the lumber mill. Andrew was going to see about his job. He was thinking to himself that maybe he could manage to keep Anne in Ottawa.

Perhaps he could put Anne in school in Ottawa and have her near him. It all depended upon his job. So they hurried along.

Andrew pointed out the Rideau (rē-dō') River and the Rideau Canal. Many things are named Rideau in Ottawa. Anne knew that "rideau" means curtain in French.

She shrugged her shoulders and asked, "Why do they use this word 'rideau' so much, Papa?"

Andrew knew what she was asking and he tried to explain.

With many gestures he said, "River pours over rocks—so!"

He made a motion with his hands to describe a waterfall.

"Very pretty," Andrew continued. "Just like a curtain—rideau. So they call it Rideau Falls. And then they name other things after the falls. Do you see?"

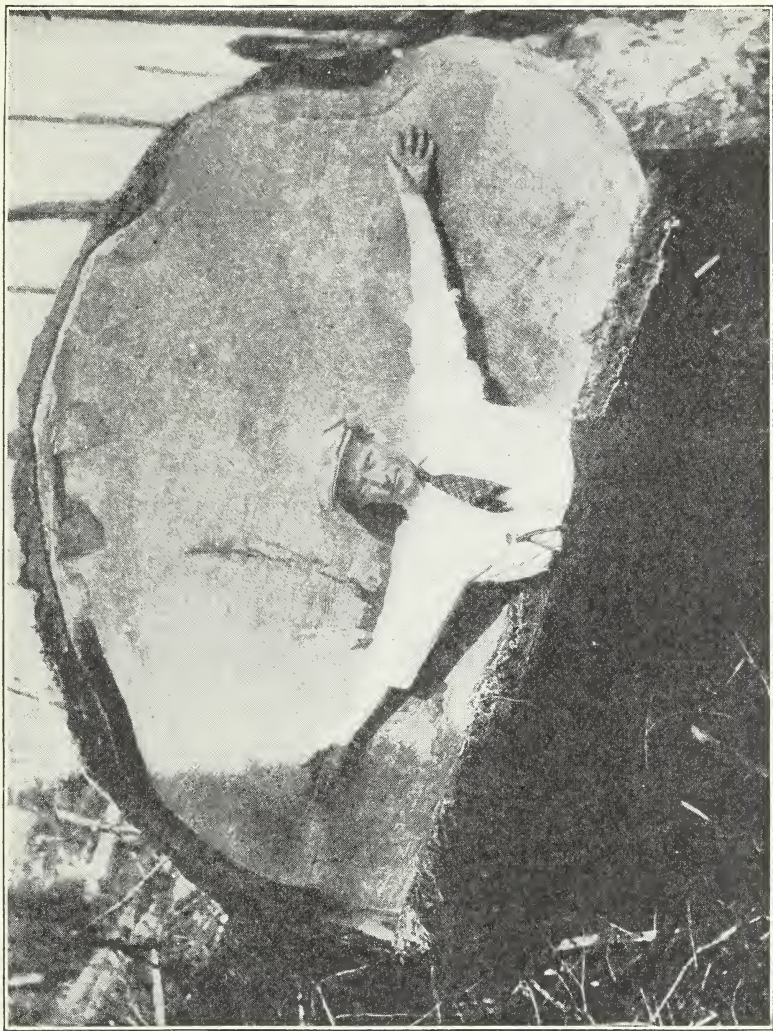
"Oh; oui, oui!" exclaimed Anne. "Pretty—pretty—pretty. I see. I see. I see." She said these English words very slowly.

Then again she spoke her quick French. "I shall call Ottawa the Curtain City," she said. "Oh, Papa, why can we not change our name? I do not like our name, McGeel."

"Eh?" asked Andrew. "What is this about McGill?"

"It is not nice. Anne does not like it," she repeated. She shook her curls and frowned.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Andrew. "But I don't know what that means."



DEMONSTRATING LARGE SIZE CANADIAN TREES



Anne thought a moment. Then she pointed to the Rideau River.

"See!" she said in English. "Rideau pretty. McGeel no pretty!"

"Oh," said Andrew. "You don't like your Scotch name, eh?"

But suddenly Anne forgot all about her Scotch name. For they had reached the banks of the river and were nearing the sawmill. It was a large mill, and the machinery was making a terrible noise.

Anne had to scream to hear her own voice above the sounds of the machinery. She tried to make her father hear her as she talked.

"Oh, see all the logs and boards!" she screamed. "So much wood!"

Then she asked how and why and where until Andrew had to tap his mouth with his finger to show her that she must stop asking questions because he could not hear.

Anne had turned red in the face with try-



"YOU MUST STOP MAKING MY PAPA SAD!"

ing to talk above the noise of the mill.

They went into the office of the manager. Here the noise was not so loud.

But Anne was awed by the sight of the great factory. Then, too, she had been taught politeness by Tante Marthe. So she

sat very quietly while her father spoke English with the manager.

"That is really too bad," said the manager. He was shaking his head. "But I have no job for you here. We have even been sending some of our men away. There is so little work right now.

"You see, they did not know that when they told you to come here. I am very sorry."

"I am sorrier than you are," said Andrew.

He wore a little twisted smile. Anne thought his blue eyes looked very troubled.

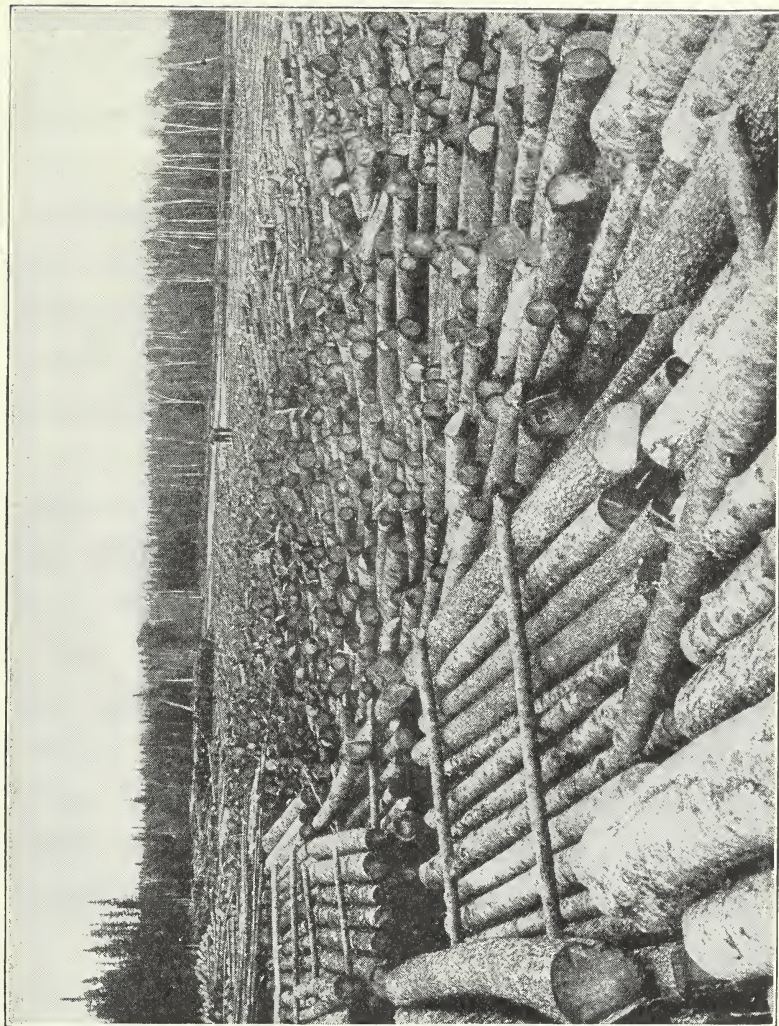
"I came all this way for the job which was promised me," he said slowly.

His eyes grew more and more troubled, and Anne could stand it no longer. She jumped up from her chair. She ran over and threw her arms about her father.

"Do not feel sad, Papa," she said.

Then she turned to the manager and cried





LOG DRIVE DOWN A RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA



in an angry voice, "You must stop making my papa sad!"

Fortunately the manager did not understand French. He looked puzzled.

"What does the little one say?" he asked.

Andrew could not understand, either. But he motioned Anne to be seated, and the child felt that she must obey. Her father was upset, and she did not want to vex him further.

Poor Andrew was indeed upset. He wondered what he was now going to do. He must find a job. That was certain. He must support his little Anne.

Besides, he must send money to help support the little cousins in Quebec. Uncle Louis did not make enough to feed eight hungry mouths. Uncle Louis did not make enough to shoe so many busy feet. Andrew must help.

The manager of the mill was now looking through papers on his desk. He did not look

up at Andrew. So Andrew took up his hat and beckoned to Anne. They started to leave the room when the manager called them back.

"Just a minute, McGill," he said. "You were foreman of a lumber camp in British Columbia, were you not?"

"Yes," answered Andrew, "for a number of years."

The manager smiled. "Good," he said. "Then perhaps you would like to go to New Brunswick and be foreman in one of our camps there."

Andrew's eyes lost their sad look. Happiness began to steal over his rugged face.

"Yes, I would like to go," he said.

He knew that foremen are well paid. He knew that now he could support his little Anne and send money to the family in Quebec.

But all at once another thought came to him, and his face lost its happiness. He

would have to leave Anne again. After finding the joy of a little daughter, he would have to give it up. A lumber camp is a place for men. It is not a place for little daughters. He should have to leave Anne with Tante Marthe as before.

But then, this was better than having no job at all. And besides, he was to be with Anne a few days more. For now he could go back to Quebec with her. Quebec was on the way to New Brunswick.

"Thank you, sir," said Andrew to the manager. He held out his hand.

They talked for a few more minutes. Then Andrew and Anne left.

"Papa is happy again," thought Anne as they walked along together. "And I am happy, too."

Anne did not know that soon she and Andrew were to leave Ottawa, and would soon be back in Quebec.

Andrew tried to explain.

"We are going on the train," he said. "We are going to Quebec. And then Papa must leave you again, wee Anne."

Andrew could never have said those words had he not known that Anne could not understand him.

The child skipped along beside him, chattering gayly. In her heart she had determined never, never again to be separated from her tall papa.



## CHAPTER VIII

### BACK TO QUEBEC

"Here we are in Quebec," said Andrew. He looked about him with interest as they walked along the crooked streets.

"It has been many years since I walked these streets," said Andrew.

Anne puckered her forehead, but she could not understand one word.

When they arrived at Tante's house there was a loud and hearty welcome for them.

"We did not expect you," said Tante.

Her thin, dark face was aglow.

"It is so nice to see you, Andrew," she continued. "And Anne—ah—!"

Then Tante burst into French and threw her arms about the little girl.

"How we missed you, chérie (shĕr-ĕ', which means "dear" in French)!" she cried.



THE HIGHWAY FROM MONTREAL TO QUEBEC

All the children clustered about Anne. They begged her to tell them immediately about her trip. But they were a little bit afraid of Anne's tall, Scotch father.

When supper was over Andrew and Tante and Uncle Louis sat together and talked. The eight little cousins gathered once more about Anne.

"Now I shall tell you many things," said the young traveler. "But first you must listen to the lovely new language I speak."

"Do you speak the English language like Uncle Andrew?" asked Pierre. His eyes were big with wonder.

"Well, not every word," said Anne truthfully. "But listen." Then she repeated slowly, "See—you—oh—pretty—yes—no!"

"What does all that mean?" asked Louise.

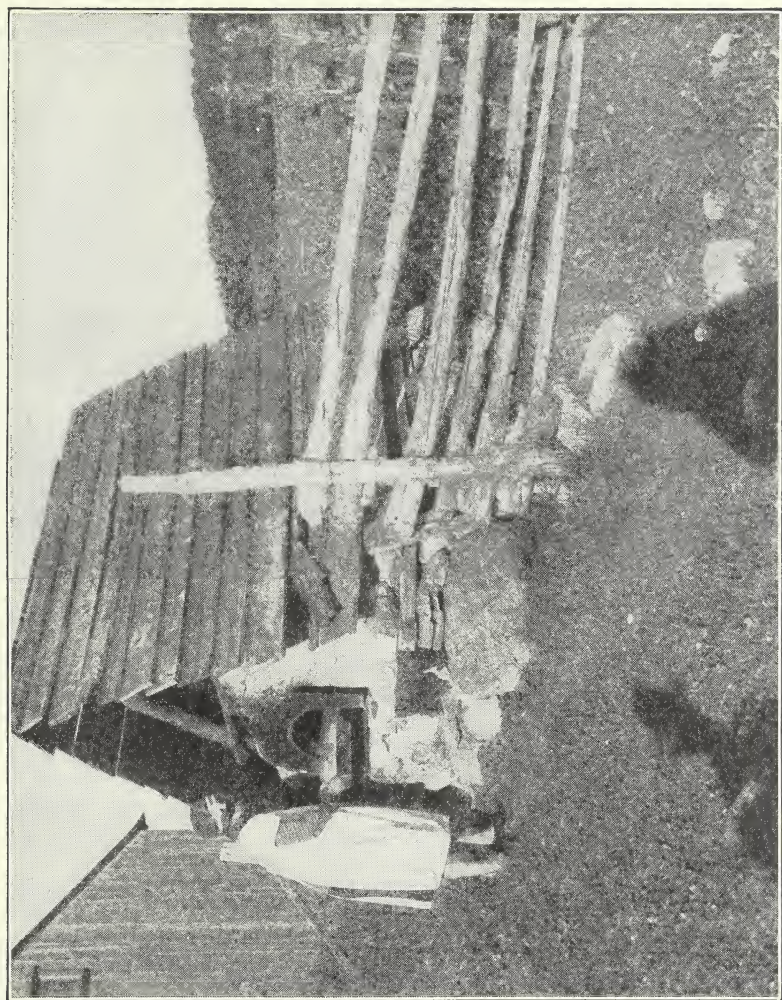
"It means—well—" Anne had to stop and think, for she really did not know what it meant.

"It means nothing at all!" cried Jacques rudely.

Anne thought of making an angry retort. But she decided to hold her tongue because, after all, Jacques was right for once. So she laughed.

"Maybe it means nothing," she said. "I do not know. But one thing I know. Soon I shall learn to speak it properly. My papa





A BAKE OVEN, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC



will teach me. Never, never again is my papa going to leave me!"

Poor Anne did not know what her father was saying in the next room just then.

Andrew was saying to Tante Marthe, "Yes, I must go to New Brunswick, for the position is a good one. But you do not know how sad it makes me feel to leave wee Anne.

"I really cannot tell her that I must go. I cannot bear to see her face when she knows the truth. For we have been so happy together these past days."

Tante realized, too, how hard it was going to be to tell Anne the sad news.

"Poor baby!" said Tante. "Let us not tell her until the time comes for you to go. Let her have the joy with her papa until that time."

Andrew thought that a good plan. He had decided to remain with the family all the next day. The day after that, he must leave.



A QUEBEC CALÈCHE

The following morning the tall man and the little girl set out together.

"It is so long since I have seen Quebec that I should like to wander about," said Andrew. "Let us see whether anything has changed, eh?"

Anne put her tiny hand in his big one and skipped along by his side.

First they went through Upper Town. Here they walked along Dufferin Terrace, a platform built on the cliffs. They looked down upon Lower Town and the St. Lawrence River gleaming in the sun.

"See," said Anne, pointing to the river. "See! Pretty."

She loved to use the few English words that she knew.

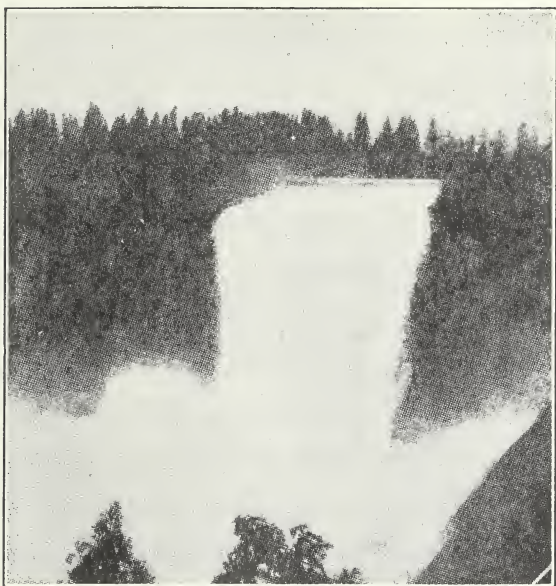
"Yes," said Andrew, "and very historic, too."

The word "historic" sounds much like the word "histoire" (ēs-twär'), which means story in French. So Anne jumped up and clapped her hands.

"Oh, do you know stories, too?" she cried. "The Captain told me such fine stories. Papa, you must tell me stories, too!"

But this was all lost upon Andrew. He smiled and shook his head and drew Anne away.

"Come along," said he. "Let us go and



MONTMORENCY FALLS, NEAR QUEBEC

see something else. Let us go to the Plains of Abraham. There you will find plenty of history.”

“Oh, dear!” sighed Anne. “Papa is saying things about stories, but I don’t know what he means.”

Andrew surprised Anne by hiring a buggy.



There are many funny little buggies in Quebec. They are called *calèches* (kà-lěsh'-ěz). They have two wheels and hold two people. The driver sits on the dashboard, a very uncomfortable seat. His legs nearly touch the horse's tail.

"Oh, Papa!" squealed Anne, "I have never before ridden in a *calèche*. What fun! It is like being a very grand traveling lady!"

They drove out to the Plains of Abraham. It was on this famous battlefield that France lost Canada to England. Nearly two hundred years ago British and French troops fought together on these plains.

Late at night, before the battle, the English soldiers rowed their boats to the foot of the forts at Quebec. As they rowed, their young leader, General Wolfe, recited a poem. It was a poem that everyone knows, and children now learn to recite it in school. But General Wolfe was saying it because he loved it.



PRETENDED TO WRITE UPON IT WITH A STICK

The name of the poem is "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" by Thomas Gray.

On his way to capture Quebec, General Wolfe said to his soldiers, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

He did take Quebec, though, as everyone knows. Even little Anne knew this, for all children in Canada learn the history of their country just as you learn about yours.

Anne turned to her father and said, "Dear Papa, I am like General Wolfe. I would rather write a beautiful poem than capture a big city. Wouldn't you?"

Andrew shrugged his shoulders.

"What is it you say, wee Anne?" he asked.

Anne spoke very slowly. She spoke a few of the words of Gray's "Elegy," which she had memorized because she wanted to learn English. This is what she said:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

"Pretty," she said. "Anne love—oh—" Then she said in French, "Oh, what are the words?"

She wanted to tell her father that she dreamed of being a writer some day. But she knew no English words. So she picked up a stone and pretended to write upon it with a stick.

"See!" she said. "Anne—me."

"Oh," said Andrew. "You, too, wee Anne, will write poems some day. Is that what you mean?"

"Oui, oui," cried Anne, happily. "Me—Anne—write poems—stories. See?"

"Yes, I see," replied Andrew.

But the truth was that Andrew was not thinking about wee Anne writing stories some day. He was thinking of tomorrow when he must leave wee Anne.

They started for home, and Anne wondered why her father's face wore a sad look.



CHAPTER IX  
A SAD PARTING

Anne was up the next day as the first church bells pealed. She listened at her door, but she heard no sound. The family must be asleep. So Anne slipped back to bed.

She began to make dreams. And you know what happened to Anne when she made dreams! She forgot everything else. Then these dreams were now about her papa—which made them even more dear to Anne.

Suddenly she jumped with surprise when she heard Jacques pounding on her door.

“Get up, get up, you lazy one,” screamed Jacques.

Then he began to tease Anne and said in English, “Pretty—see—yes—no—ha, ha!”

"Stop, you bad, wicked boy!" cried Anne. "Go away!"

"Yes, I shall go," answered Jacques. "But you had better get up quickly, for your papa has already gone!"

Anne was sure that Jacques was again teasing. Yet his words had made a queer little pain in her heart. Her papa gone away? But no! That was impossible.



"WHERE IS MY PAPA?"

Still Anne hurried and as soon as she was downstairs, she called "Papa! Papa!" and looked all about, but no Andrew was there.

Tante! Tante!" she called wildly, "where is my papa?"

But Tante did not reply for a moment.

"Tante!" screamed Anne, "it is not true what Jacques said! My papa has not gone away!"

"No, child. No," said Tante. She put her hand upon Anne's curls. "Your papa has only gone out. He will come back."

Anne's face broke into smiles.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she breathed happily. However, Tante Marthe did not smile.

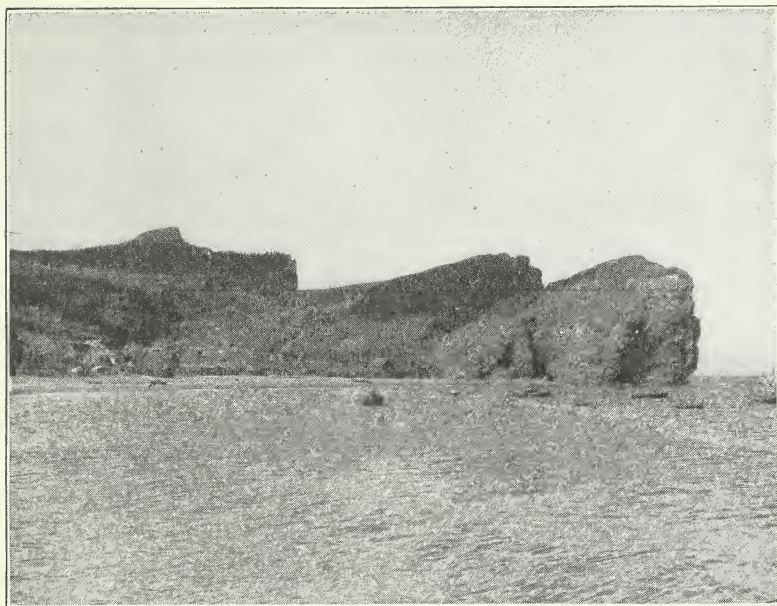
"But Anne, chérie," said Tante Marthe, "I must explain to you some things. Listen."

She drew the child upon her lap and spoke kindly.

"Your papa has gone out to look for a position," said Tante. "He wishes to stay in Quebec if it is possible to do so. He wishes to be near you, for he loves you very much."

"Oh, and I love him, too," said Anne. "He must never leave me again."

"But, Anne," said Tante, "I am afraid



PERCÉ VILLAGE, GASPÉ PENINSULA, PROVINCE  
OF QUEBEC

your papa will not find work in Quebec. Not the kind of work he must have."

"And if not?" asked Anne.

"If not, chérie," replied Tante, "he goes to New Brunswick today. He goes to take a position in a lumber camp."

Anne's thoughts were flying. So that was



why Papa's face had looked so sad yesterday. That was the reason. Papa knew that he must leave Anne! And now Anne, too, knew it. Oh, but maybe he would find something in Quebec! If only—

“Do not look so, little one,” said Tante kindly. “Come, and let me give you your breakfast.”

But just then Andrew came home. Andrew looked at Tante, and Tante asked a question with her eyes. Anne knew what that question was, for she was asking it with her heart. Andrew shook his head.

“No, Marthe,” he said. “It is quite impossible. I have been to see my friend. He tells me that I can never find so good a position here as I am offered in New Brunswick. I must go.”

Anne ran out of the room. She did not need to know the English words her father had spoken. She understood quite well what he had said.



LOOKED OVER THE ROOFS OF OTHER HOUSES

She went to her little room. Her little room was set in the deep, slanting roof.

Anne sat on the wide window seat. She could look out over the roofs of other houses. She could see the streets below.

Children were gayly playing in the

streets. Those children had papas who would always stay with them.

Anne began to cry very softly. Her dark little head fell into her arms as she rested them on the window sill.

Just then the Angelus sounded. The clear, musical bell pealed forth its melody.

Three times a day the Angelus rings. And every time the people of Quebec hear the sound they think of the brave explorer, Samuel de Champlain, who founded Quebec. Champlain gave the city its name. He also ordered the Angelus to ring three times a day.

This was many years ago. But still the great bell peals forth in memory of its hero.

The beautiful notes brought more sadness to little Anne. She sobbed until she fell asleep through weariness.

She did not hear Andrew step into the room. She did not know that he kissed her curls softly so as not to awaken her.



POWER, SHAWINIGAN FALLS, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC



Then he did something strange for a big man to do. He took out his handkerchief and put it to his eyes. But as he tiptoed toward the door, a loose board in the floor creaked. The door closed behind Andrew.

Anne sat up quickly. The loose board in the floor had awakened Anne. She saw her father's back as he was leaving. She started to cry out. But she suddenly stopped. She had an idea. Anne jumped up from the window seat. She put on her hat and coat. Then she looked out of the window.

Yes, sure enough, there was a calèche waiting for her father. There was one of those funny, two-wheeled buggies waiting to take Andrew and his luggage to the station.

Anne trembled with the excitement of her plan. But she quietly opened her door and slipped down the stairs like a little mouse.

The family was gathered in the front of the house saying good-bye to Andrew.



A LITTLE FACE FRAMED IN BLACK CURLS

Anne heard Tante say, "Ah, it is just as well the child sleeps. She would cry so bitterly to see her papa leaving her."

Anne crept down into the kitchen. She opened the back door and flew out into the

street, then around to the front. There stood the calèche. Anne quietly climbed under the funny carriage. There was a place underneath where a little girl could perch.

Anne perched. She hung on to the sides to steady herself. She made herself as tiny as possible so that nobody would notice her.

Finally out came Andrew. He stepped into the calèche. Anne felt the little carriage shake with the weight of her tall papa.

"To the station," said Andrew.

The driver answered, "Oui, oui, monsieur (mē-syû')," and started his horse.

At first it felt like an earthquake to Anne, perching underneath the calèche. She thought surely she would be jolted off. But she hung on with all her might.

She kept thinking, "I must stay. I must stay with my papa."

They reached the station. Anne was trembling but happy. She had not fallen off. She was still with her papa.

While Andrew was paying the driver Anne jumped off the back of the calèche and ran. When the calèche turned to leave the station, there was no little girl in the back.

Andrew took his place on the train. He tried to read the newspaper. But on the pages of the newspaper he seemed to see a little, smiling face. He seemed to see there before him a curly, black head instead of the straight, black words.

The train started. The whistle shrieked. Slowly, slowly, then faster, faster went the iron horse. At last it was steaming away at a great rate.

Andrew sighed. Quebec was now far behind. When would he see the old city again? When would he see his little daughter?

If someone had told Andrew that he was to see his little daughter again that day, he would have laughed. But that is exactly what was to happen.



## CHAPTER X

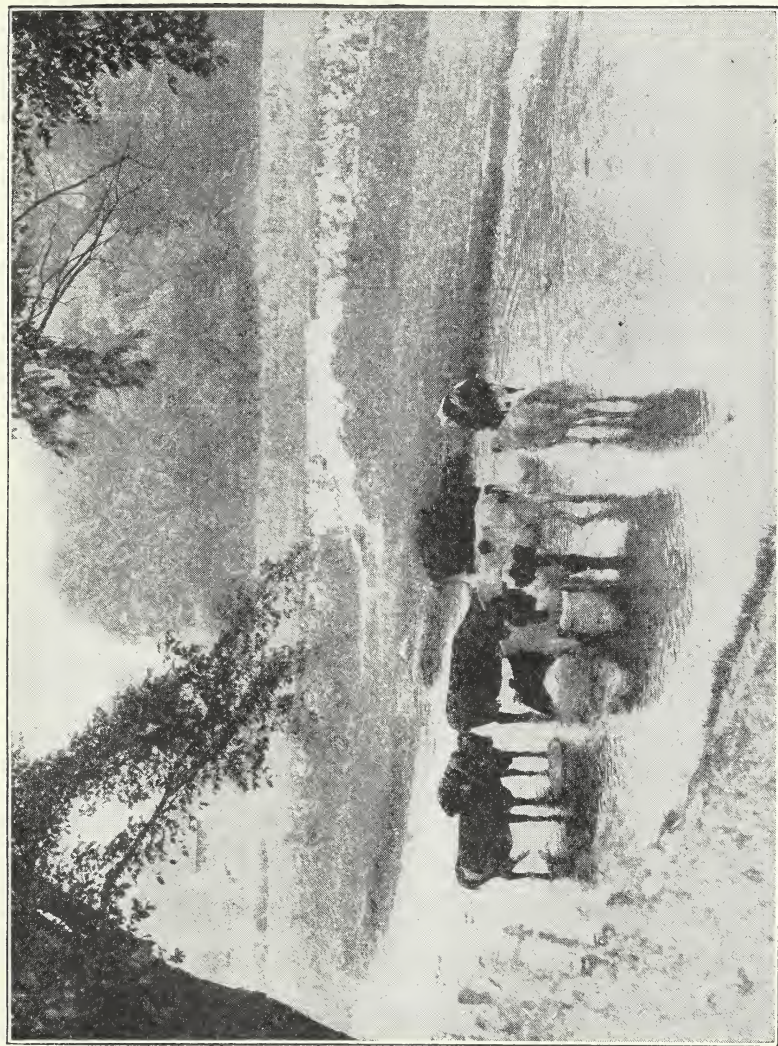
### HIDE AND SEEK

Andrew dozed. He had finished reading the paper. But he had not finished feeling sorry for himself. So he decided to go to sleep and try to forget a little face framed in black curls.

But while he was sleeping, that same little face appeared from under the seat. Cautiously, slowly came the black, bobbing curls. A very frightened Anne peered about her.

Then the brown eyes looked upon the great, sleeping figure of Andrew. Smiles brightened the little, frightened face almost at once.

Carefully, Anne took off her coat. Just as carefully, she spread it over the knees of her papa. She wanted so much to kiss



A PICTURESQUE CANADIAN VIEW

her papa. But she was afraid that she might awaken him.

She sat upon the seat by his side, very still, like a mouse. Not like a little girl—not like little Anne, who always moved and jumped about.

Suddenly the train gave a great lurch and stopped. Anne almost fell off the seat. She screamed the tiniest scream. She clutched Andrew's knee before she could help herself.

“Eh! Ho—huh?” Andrew said.

He woke up. It had startled him to hear someone scream and to feel someone clutching his knee.

“Who—who's here?” he asked.

Then he saw Anne. He had been dreaming about Anne. He thought surely he was still dreaming. But after he rubbed his eyes Anne was still there.

He pinched his arm. He pinched it very hard and blinked. Still Anne was there!





HUGGED AND HUGGED HIM

All this time Anne was trying very hard to keep from throwing her arms about her papa. At last she could keep from it no longer.

She threw not only her arms but her whole self upon Andrew's lap. She hugged and hugged and hugged him. When at last she let him go, her papa held her off and gave a deep sigh.



"Whew!" he sighed. "It's surely no dream, for a dream would never act like that!"

"A dream?" asked Anne. She did not know what Andrew's words meant.

"Yes," said Andrew. He wiped his brow. "I'd been thinking perhaps I was still dreaming. I'd been thinking that you couldn't possibly be here. But I've decided that you could be almost anywhere, you wee imp!"

He smiled. Anne, of course, could not understand the English he spoke. But she laughed and started to hug him all over again.

"No, no. Wait, young whirlwind," cried Andrew. "I'm curious to know how on earth you've put yourself here? I left you sleeping in your room in Quebec. I went to sleep myself on a fast train. And when I awoke—well, here you are! It is truly like magic!"

Andrew scratched his head, as he always

did when he was puzzled. But Anne was just as puzzled by his English words.

"I do not understand anything you say, dear, sweet Papa," she said in her fast French. "But that does not keep me from loving you very, very much."

She tried to throw her arms about Andrew in a burst of affection. But again Andrew held her off.

"Wait," he said. "I'm going to clear up this mystery if we have to talk the sign language! Now look."

He pointed back to Quebec and said, "Quebec." Then he pointed to Anne and said, "Anne." Then he shrugged his shoulders. "I don't understand," he finished.

"Oh," cried Anne. "You want to know how I came here. I saw the calèche standing outside the door. I sat underneath the calèche like this."

She crawled under the seat to show Andrew what she meant.

"Oho!" said Andrew. "I see. I see. You hid under the calèche. Then you ran into the train and hid under the seat! Is this a game of hide and seek, wee Anne?"

"Hide an' sick!" chirped Anne happily.

"No," laughed Andrew. "Not sick! Seek!"

"See-eek, see-eek," said Anne.

She was perfectly content. Nothing mattered so long as she was with her papa.

But to Andrew many things mattered. Andrew was worrying. He was on his way to a lumber camp. And surely he could not take a little girl to a lumber camp!

But when he looked at that shining face beside him, he felt that never could he send Anne away from him again.

"You should not have come, wee Anne," said Andrew. He shook his head and wagged his finger at her. "No, you should not have come."

Anne knew just what Andrew meant. She could tell what he meant by looking in his

eyes. Her lip began to tremble. She began to stroke his big hand. Her eyes were swimming with tears.

"Papa," she said. "Papa, you do not love me!"

Andrew could not bear to see her crying. He held her very close.

"Now, now, wee one," he said. "Don't be crying, for I can't have you doing that. We'll think very hard. And soon we'll be thinking of the right thing to do. Some way will surely come along. Some way will show itself, wee Anne."

The train rumbled on.



## CHAPTER XI

### ANNE IS FRIGHTENED

How would you like to be the only child in a big lumber camp filled with great, tall men? That is exactly what happened to Anne.

There she was with her papa at the lumber camp in New Brunswick. There she was, the only little girl among all those big men who chopped down trees!

Andrew held his little daughter's hand, and together they walked into the camp. All about them were stately trees. All about them were tents and cabins where the men lived.

The forest was still, very still, except for the occasional chop-chopping of an ax or the whistle of some woodsman. The forest was not at all like the city, where sounds came to one's ears all day long.



ANDREW WORE A PUZZLED FROWN

The quiet frightened little Anne. Sometimes, when we are not accustomed to silence, it is bewildering.

Then, too, Anne had no idea what was about to happen to her. Would they allow her to stay here with her papa?

That same question was in Andrew's mind. Andrew wore a puzzled frown. Never before had he been in such a strange position. If he had not been so worried he might have laughed.

He might have laughed at himself, a big foreman, bringing a small girl into a rough camp. It was almost like taking a toy dog among a pack of great hounds!

"Papa," whispered Anne. "Papa, I am afraid."

"Eh?" he asked, puzzled by her French.

Then he saw how big and afraid her eyes were. He felt sure she had said, "I am afraid." He squeezed her hand.

"Do not fear, wee Anne," he said. "We'll

not be separated. We'll stay together. You'll see."

For, on the train, Andrew had decided that never, never again would he part with Anne. As her little curly head had lain on his shoulder, Andrew had determined to keep his daughter with him forever.

Now he had brought her to camp, and he must find the manager of the company. He must stand before the manager and ask that he be allowed to keep his little daughter with him.

But suppose the manager should laugh at him? Suppose the manager should tell Andrew to go?

"Come, wee Anne," said Andrew.

They found the manager in his tiny office, which was only a log hut.

"Good day, sir," said Andrew. "I am Andrew McGill, the new foreman."

"Ah, yes," said the manager. He stood up and gave Andrew his hand. "We were



expecting you, McGill. I'm glad you've come. There's much work to be done and—"

Suddenly the manager stopped talking. He looked down at Anne. Then he looked up at Andrew.

"Why—what—?" he stammered. "Who is this?"

Andrew cleared his throat.

He began, "Well, you see, sir, I—she—a—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the manager. "Look here, McGill, I didn't ask you to bring an extra hand to saw down trees."

As he said this the manager burst into loud peals of laughter at his own joke.

Anne had not understood one word. Nevertheless, she was hurt because she thought the manager was laughing at her. She stepped up to him and began to talk very rapidly.

"Stop that! Stop! Stop! Stop!" she cried. "I will not be laughed at! I am not just a

useless little girl, as you think I am. I can work very hard. I am a useful little girl. You shall not send me away from my papa! I shall stay here. Oh, please let me stay here. I'll work and work, so hard! Please!"

Although Anne had begun this speech in a rage, she ended it with a sob.

The manager looked at her strangely. Then he drew her toward him and began to talk to her in French.

"Come, come, little one," he said. "I am not doubting your word at all. I am quite sure you can work. You are a fine, strong girl and so—"

He stopped talking and put his finger to his lips.

"Hush," he whispered, "I'll tell you a secret."

Then he leaned down and spoke into Anne's ear.

"I've been needing a fine, big girl like you in camp badly," he said.

Now it was Andrew's turn to be puzzled.

"You see, sir," he began. "I know that I shouldn't have brought her here. She is my daughter Anne. But—but—well, sir, she has no mother, and—and—I just couldn't bear to go off and leave her."

"Well, now," said the manager, "It really is fortunate that you brought her. Why, I was about to send for a lady like her."

Andrew looked blank.

"I—I don't understand, sir," he said.

The manager laughed.

"Oh, that's all right, McGill," he said. "You'll see."

Then he winked at Andrew. But Anne did not see the wink.

Anne only heard him say to her in French, "Come along, Miss Anne. I'm going to introduce you to the boys."

## CHAPTER XII

### JOHN FROM ST. JOHN

The first snow was falling. Winter was coming to the woods.

Anne was brown and sturdy from living in the woods. Her cheeks glowed. She wore a little red knitted cap over her shining curls. She was the pet of the lumber camp.

But Anne had her duties, too. As the manager had said, she was needed there. Only the manager had just said that to make Anne happy. He had just tried to be pleasant to her and make her feel at home.

He had not really needed a little girl in camp. But now Anne had made herself so useful and so cheerful that the men began to wonder how they could ever have gotten along without a little girl in camp.



She was Paul's helper. Paul was the cookee. The cookee is the cook's helper. So Anne was the helper of a helper!

It was great fun. For Paul was only a few years older than Anne.

Often they strolled in the woods together, and Paul told Anne all about the forest. Paul had been born in the forest. He was the son of one of the lumbermen.

He had to chop wood for fuel. He had to clean the cabins. But Anne insisted upon making the beds. She could make a bed very quickly and neatly.

Often Paul and Anne would sit together and peel potatoes for the cook, or help him in other ways. But always, through the day, ran laughter and fun. It was a happy life, and Anne never wanted to leave the woods.

She knew, however, that after the lumber was driven down the river to the mill, she and Andrew must leave, too. But she tried not to think of that.



THEY WOULD SIT TOGETHER AND PEEL POTATOES

There was a tall, thin woodsman in camp whose name was John. Anne called him "John from St. John" because his home was in St. John, a city in New Brunswick.

Every day John would call, "Anne and Paul, it is time for lessons."

Then Anne and Paul and John from St. John would sit under a tree while John

taught them out of an old schoolbook. He taught them arithmetic and writing and spelling and English. Anne was learning English. She could say many words now, and she could recite poems.

One evening, as they were all sitting around the camp fire, John held up his hand and said, "Quiet, everybody. Tonight Mother will recite a new poem for you."

The men called Anne Mother, for they said she treated them as though she were their mother and not just a little girl.

John hoisted Anne upon his shoulder.

He announced: "This is a poem about the cold, cold city of Quebec. It was written by Rudyard Kipling."

Anne recited:

"There was a young boy of Quebec,  
Who fell through some ice to his neck.  
When asked, 'Are you friz?'

He replied, 'Yes, I is,  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.'"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed all the men.



TAUGHT THEM OUT OF AN OLD SCHOOLBOOK

Anne always seemed able to make the men laugh. Her quaint little tongue was always wagging. Her questions would pop out at all hours of the day.

She was particularly interested in the trees and the animals of the forest.

Now that the snow had begun to fall, tracks of many different little beasts appeared.



"Such great numbers of fur people live all about us," said Anne. "I never knew that."

Paul pointed to some tracks in the snow.

"See," he cried. "Look at those."

"What are they?" asked Anne. "They look like the print of a baby's hand."

"They are the prints of the raccoon," explained Paul. "He is a funny little fellow. If someone follows him, he just rolls himself into a ball.

"Then he tumbles over and over on the ground just as you would down a steep hill of grass. When he reaches the foot of a tree, up he shoots like the wind!"

"What a smart little fellow he is!" said Anne.

"Yes," agreed Paul, "and he is, besides, a very clean gentleman, Mr. Raccoon. He will never eat anything unless he first washes it."

"Tell me some more, Paul," begged Anne. "Now tell me something about the trees."



HOISTED ANNE UPON HIS SHOULDERS

“Well,” said Paul, “do you see those nut trees?”

Anne noticed some walnut trees among the evergreens.

“Do you know how they happen to be here?” asked Paul.

"Well, they—they grew, I suppose," answered Anne.

Paul laughed.

"Yes, of course, they grew, silly," he said. "But it was because of the little old squirrels!"

"Squirrels?" asked Anne. "They didn't plant the trees, did they?"

"That's exactly what they did," Paul replied. "You know that the squirrels carry nuts about with them, don't you? Well, sometimes they drop the nuts here and there. The nuts take root. Presto! See the trees!"

"Just think!" said Anne.

She stopped to watch a bright-eyed squirrel as he darted into the hole of a tree.

"You don't know it, squirrel," said Anne, "but maybe one of your relatives planted that tree long, long ago. And now it is your house."

## CHAPTER XIII

### TREES

Time passed. The snow grew deeper. It was very cold in the forest. But Anne did not mind the cold. She was used to it, as are all Canadians.

In fact, winter is the jolliest time of the year in Canada. Then the children go tobogganing. A toboggan is a thin piece of wood turned up at the front.

Several people sit upon it. It is placed on the edge of a steep hill and pushed off. It flies down the snowy hill so fast that it makes one feel like screaming.

Maybe you have ridden upon a roller coaster. If so, you can imagine a toboggan ride.

But, of course, there was no time for sports in the lumber camp. Winter is a busy



time for woodsmen. It is then that they begin to chop down the trees.

Everyone was busy. There was a buzz of motion in camp. Anne stood watching John, who was helping to chop down a lofty spruce.

As the sharp saw cut into the tree trunk, Anne caught her breath. What a terrible thing to do! How dreadful to see that state-ly old tree soon toppling to earth! Anne loved the trees. It hurt her every time she saw one fall.

Slowly, slowly the great thing tipped. Then it began to fall. Crash! Down it came and lay like a dead giant on the forest's lap.

John, mopping his brow, walked over to Anne.

"Come, come," he said. "Are you crying because of the tree?"

Anne looked up at him and her eyes overflowed with tears.

"I've told you, Anne," said John patient-



MAPLE SUGARING IN THE CANADIAN WOODS

ly, "how many useful things are made from trees. Think once more and try to repeat what I've told you."

Anne brushed a little red mitten across her eyes and spoke in a choked voice: "Cedar is used for lead pencils; walnut and red maple for furniture. Sugar maple gives the sap that is made into sugar."

"Did you know that the sugar maple will not grow in the south?" asked John.

Anne shook her head slowly. She was still feeling sad.

"No, the sugar maple will not grow in the south," repeated John. "But the Southerners have the sugar cane instead. You see, Anne, things are usually made fair in the world. Aren't they?"

Then John thought of his wife. John's wife was a very lonesome woman. She had always wanted a little baby of her own. But never had the little baby come to John and his wife.





"HAVE YOU NO LITTLE GIRL TO TAKE CARE OF YOU?"

So John said to Anne, "But it does seem unfair that no little one has ever come to our house in St. John. Doesn't it, Anne?"

"Have you no little boy or girl to take care of you?" asked Anne.

"No," answered John. "And my wife is



very fond of children. Would you come for a visit, Anne?" asked John wistfully. "It would make my wife so happy just to have you there."

Then John told Anne about St. John and the lands near by. He told her many things that made her big brown eyes bigger.

"What do you like best in all the world, Anne?" asked John.

"My papa," said Anne quickly.

"But after your papa?" asked John.

"Books," replied Anne.

"Then," said John, "you should not cry when trees are chopped down, for paper is made from trees. On paper, books are printed."

Anne was listening attentively. She nodded her head.

"Then, too," went on John, "if you love books, you must also love the poem, 'Evangeline,' written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

"Yes, yes, I do," said Anne. "Tante Marthe has read it to us many times."

"Then how would you like to see the country where the story of 'Evangeline' really happened?" asked John. "How would you like to see Nova Scotia? Perhaps your papa will take you there, Anne, if you first come to St. John to visit my wife."

"I shall ask my papa to take me," said Anne.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LOST IN THE FOREST

The ice began to break up, although the snow was still thick upon the ground.

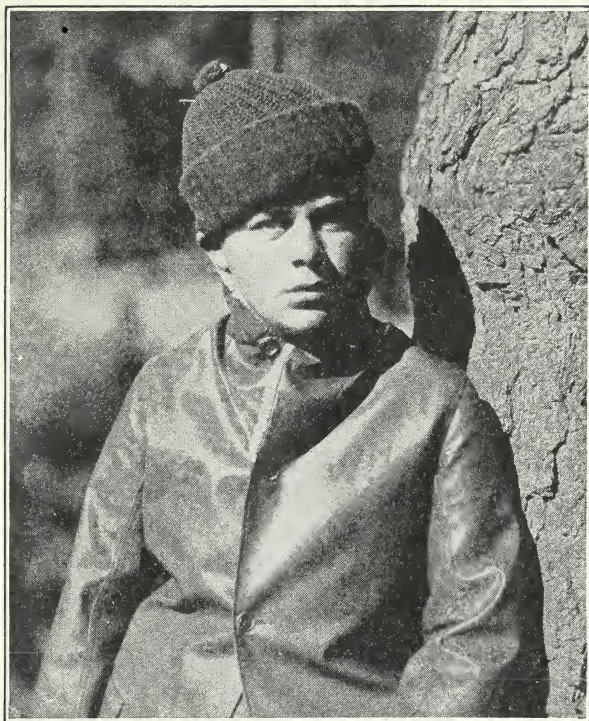
The men were preparing for what they called "the drive," when the logs are driven down the river to the mill.

The rivermen who go down with the drive must be very brave. Sometimes the logs jam together. Then the men must untangle the jam and start the logs moving again.

If the logs begin suddenly to move the men must be very quick to get out of the way. Often these rivermen are hurt.

As a new crew began to arrive at camp, some of the old lumbermen prepared to leave.

John was one of them. He was going to



PAUL'S FACE GREW FRIGHTENED

St. John to work on his farm until the time he must again return to the forest.

John spoke to Andrew about bringing Anne to St. John.

But Andrew said: "No, I am afraid I can-



not spare the time for that. I must take Anne to Quebec and then return to the woods."

John was disappointed.

Today Anne decided to roam about, to say good-bye to the trees, and to make dreams.

Soon she and Andrew would be leaving the forest. Soon Andrew would be going down with the drive.

Anne was to follow behind in the traveling kitchen with Paul and the cook. This little kitchen floats on the water and is drawn from shore by horses.

Anne thought it would be fun to travel this way. Still, she was sorry to be leaving the woods.

"Do not go too far today, Anne," said Paul.

Paul knew how Anne forgot everything else when she was alone and making dreams.



GAZED UP TO THE TOPMOST BRANCHES

"I am busy and cannot go with you," continued the boy. "So you must not stray far from camp."

"I shall be careful," said Anne.

But when evening fell, Anne had not returned to camp.

"Where is the lassie?" asked Andrew.

Andrew had been working hard on the river banks all day. He had just come into camp.

Paul's face grew frightened.

"She went into the woods alone," he said. "She promised to be careful."

"Alone?" gasped Andrew. A deep frown had gathered on his forehead.

They called to John. Soon the three had set out upon a search.

Meanwhile, things had happened to Anne much as Paul had imagined.

Dreaming as she walked, she suddenly stopped to stroke the trunk of a giant tree.

"Dear tree," she said, "the next time I see





ANNE WAS LOST!

you perhaps you will be a book, a beautiful book. Or maybe a graceful table or chair.”

She gazed up, up to the topmost branches.

“Wouldn’t it be funny if part of you became a pencil?” she laughed. “Wouldn’t it be funny if I met you at school?”

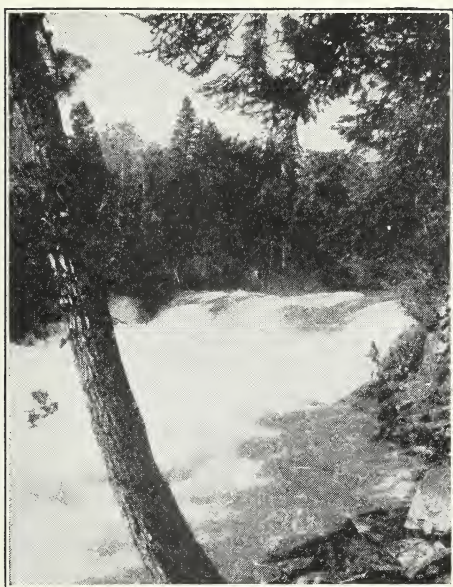




EASTERN CANADA CONTAINS MANY LOVELY BLUE LAKES

She went deeper and deeper into the woods and deeper and deeper into a land of her own, forgetting everything. A new and beautiful story was at work in Anne's head. It was a story about trees and books and pencils.

"I mean to write such a story some day," said the little girl to herself. "Some day

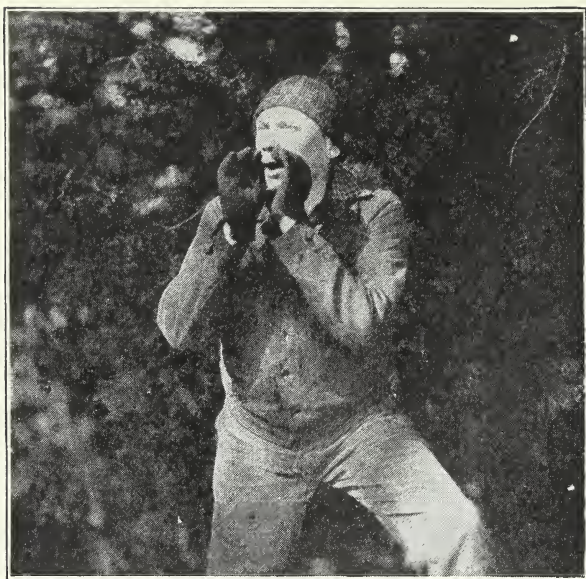


MANY BEAUTIFUL RIVERS FLOW  
THROUGH CANADA'S FORESTS

when I am grown up and have learned many things at school."

She began to think of school in Quebec and of her little friends there. Then Tante Marthe and the eight little cousins came to mind.

"Dear Baby Paul," she sighed. "And lit-



"ANNE! ANNE! ANNE!"

tle Pierre and Mimi! Yes, and Jacques! Silly old teaser, Jacques!"

It would be nice to see them all again. But how she would miss the forest! Just then she heard a rustle in the branches. She stopped and looked about her.

But Anne was not afraid. She had a feeling that nothing could hurt her while her

friends, the trees, stood guard around her.

"It was only a little fur person," she smiled and started to walk on.

But as she walked more and more deeply into the forest, more strange sounds reached her ears. It began to grow dark. Anne thought she had better be returning.

Now Paul had taught Anne how to follow footprints in the snow. Anne was very glad that she had listened to all Paul had taught her. She now began to follow the tracks of her own little feet. Oh, if only she could follow her own footprints back to camp!

If she could not—well, Hansel and Gretel had stayed out in the forest all night, and they were not afraid. You see, even though Anne was in trouble, she could not help thinking of stories.

How was it now? Oh, yes, Hansel sprinkled white pebbles on the ground, and they found their way home by following the pebbles.



But Anne had to smile as she realized how useless white pebbles would be to her, with the snow all about. Perhaps black pebbles! Some day she'd write a story about black pebbles on white snow. Some day—

Anne stopped. Where were the footprints? She had lost them! Now, which way should she turn? Night had begun to fall. She could not find her way back! She stood beneath a tall tree and wondered how it felt to be out in the forest all night.

Andrew and Paul and John were searching and calling and whistling. Andrew's face was so white that it almost matched the snow. Paul wore a troubled scowl. John was taking long strides with his long legs and calling, "Anne! Anne! Anne!"

Soon John was far ahead of the others. He wanted so much to find wee Anne. He thought how terrible it would be for Andrew to lose wee Anne in the forest. It would be more terrible for Andrew than for John's



CANADIAN WATERS OFFER EXCELLENT FISHING



SAW A SMILING, ROSY FACE

wife, who never had had a wee Anne at all!

John knew that people could lie down in the snow and go to sleep and never wake up again. He called more loudly than ever, "Anne! Anne! Anne!"

The forest sent back a strange echo.

She tried to find the way back. She looked in every direction. It was very dark and strange. And the sounds were beginning to



frighten her. Now which way must she go?

Anne was lost! She stopped and tried to keep back the tears.

“Oh, my poor papa!” she thought. “He will be so worried!”

Suddenly John stopped. He had heard a tiny sound that was not an animal sound. It came from a tree. Then from a hollow in that tree something red appeared. And then beneath the something red John saw a smiling, rosy face. It was Anne!

John could not speak for astonishment and joy. But Anne could speak. Anne could always speak.

“Oh, John, John!” she cried. “I am so glad you came! I was trying to go to sleep in the tree. The tree was kind and wanted to protect me. But it is all prickly and hard, and my little warm bed at camp is so soft! Oh, come John and lift me out. I am so sleepy, and I want to go to my papa!”



## CHAPTER XV

### PETER AND WENDY

It was many weeks before the drive came to an end. But, at last, at the sawmill Anne and her father said good-bye to the men.

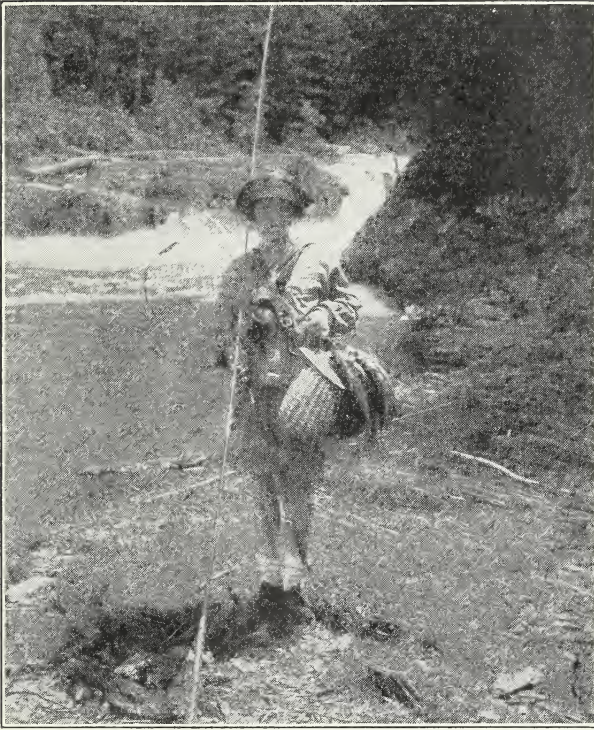
Andrew told them that soon he would return to the woods again. Soon he would be back among the trees. But first he must take his little daughter to Quebec.

On the train Anne held her papa's hand very tight and fought to keep back the tears. But there was a happy light in Andrew's eyes.

"Wee Anne," he said, "you're not leaving me for all time."

Anne could now understand almost everything that Andrew said.

"No, wee Anne," he continued squeezing her hand. "We'll be like Peter and Wendy."



A FISHER MAID IN THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY

Do you know the story of Peter Pan and Wendy?"

"No," she replied. "Tell me, please."

He told her the story of Peter Pan, the story that most children in the world know.

"So Peter built a house far up in the trees," finished Andrew. "And every year Wendy came to visit Peter and to take care of him. They lived in that tree house."

"Oh, papa," said Anne, "shall we live in a tree house?"

Andrew threw back his head and laughed.

"No, no," he said. "Your papa is too big to live in a tree house. But the next time you come to the woods, I'll have a cabin built for you and me. How will you like that, wee Anne?"

"I will visit you every year," repeated Anne.

Then she threw her arms about Andrew's neck and cried, "Oh, I am very happy!"

They reached the station of a city.

"Where are we?" asked Anne. "Not Quebec?"

But Andrew had the light of surprise all over his face.

"Wait," he said.



CANADA IS FAMOUS FOR ITS APPLE ORCHARDS



Andrew had felt very sorry for John and for his lonely wife. He also felt very grateful to John for having rescued Anne in the forest. So Andrew had decided to go to St. John with Anne.

The city was not far from the mill where the log drive had ended. So without a word to Anne he had brought her to St. John.

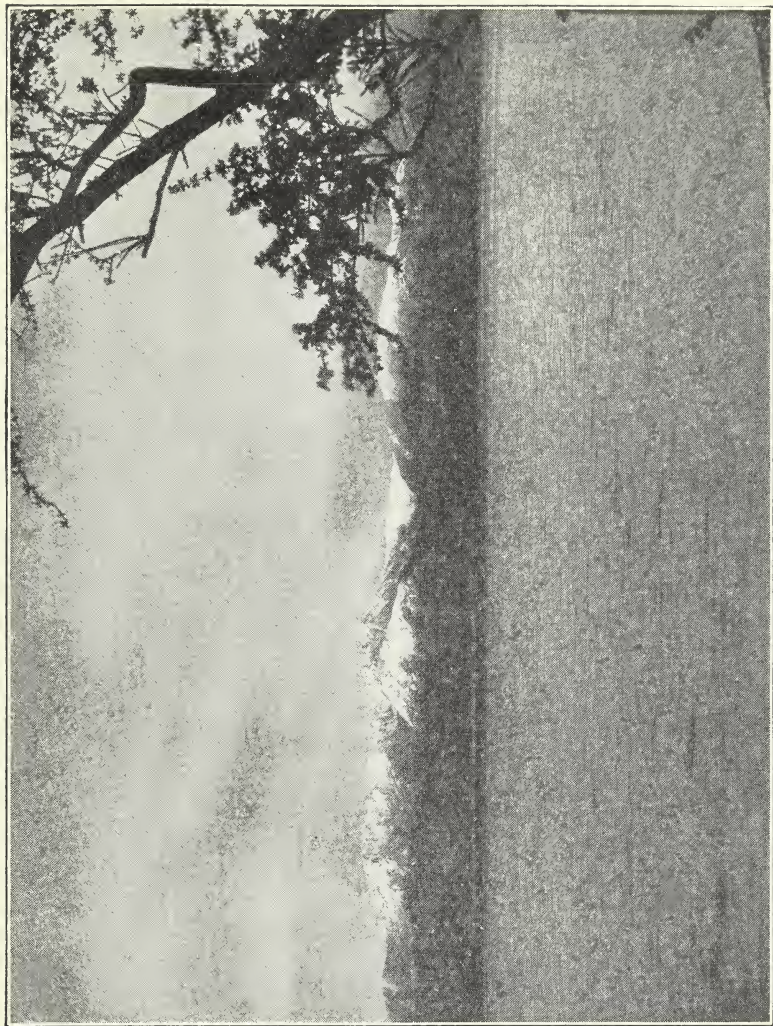
John had arrived home some weeks before. He had been very much disappointed that Anne could not come to visit his wife.

Today John's wife was sitting at the window knitting, when she saw a tall man and a little girl walking up to her door. John's wife opened the door, and there were Andrew and Anne.

"I am Anne," said the child. "We came to see you."

John's wife was very pleased and asked them in to tea.

But Andrew said, "I cannot stay. I must see someone in the town. But I shall leave



CANADA ABOUNDS IN BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

wee Anne with you until it is time to take the train this evening."

What a very joyous day for John's wife! She felt much like a poor little girl who has suddenly been given a beautiful doll to play with all day. Only Anne was a live doll.

John's wife baked cookies for Anne. She gave her dulse (düls) to eat. This dulse is thin, brown seaweed. The children in St. John like it as well as we like candy.

Then Anne talked and talked to John's wife. She told her all about the lumber camp. She told her how John had taught her many words of English. She even recited part of "Evangeline" for John's wife.

She said:

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines  
and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-  
tinct in the twilight—"

Just then John came home, and Anne stopped reciting. She jumped up and ran to John.





A CHARMING CANADIAN VIEW





"PLEASE, PAPA"

"Oh, I am very glad you came!" she cried.

"How nice it is to see you, wee Anne!"  
said John.



PETER AND WENDY

When Andrew came to fetch Anne, they were talking about Nova Scotia.

"We are very near there," said John to Andrew. "Why don't you take the lass to see the Evangeline country?"

At first Andrew said, "No." But then Anne wound her arms around his neck and

pleaded with him, saying, "Please, Papa, please."

Now, "please" is a word that is very hard to resist. Especially is it hard to resist when spoken by a child—especially one's very own wee Anne.

So Anne saw the land of Evangeline. And John's wife saw Anne.

And soon the little girl was back in school in Quebec, busily growing up and learning to be a clever woman.

Every year Anne paid a visit to Andrew. Every year at about the same time, Anne would say to Tante Marthe, "Is it not time for me to be Wendy?"

Then Tante Marthe would reply, "Yes, soon Peter Pan comes to fetch you."

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE STORY OF A PICTURE FRAME

"Please, Mother dear, tell me a story about that picture frame," said the little girl.

"About the picture frame hanging over your bed?" asked the mother.

"Yes, the one that frames the big, tall tree," said the little girl.

So the mother told this tale:

"Once upon a time there lived a big, tall tree. It lived in the forest of New Brunswick. It had been born because, years ago, a little squirrel had dropped a nut in that spot.

"Many squirrel families had lived in the tree and many squirrel families had disappeared from the tree. But the tree lived on.

"Then one day a little girl in a red cap





TUNA FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA—FISHING IS ONE OF  
THE GREAT INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

and red mittens and with very red cheeks and black curls came to the forest.

“The little girl had a magic power. But she did not know this. The little girl had a magic power of dreams. She would weave dreams as another might weave baskets.

“One day the little girl was lost in the forest. But instead of crying and giving up

hope, she wove dreams as she tried to find her way back to camp.

"The old tree heard her dreams and decided to help her. So he swayed and called the wind.

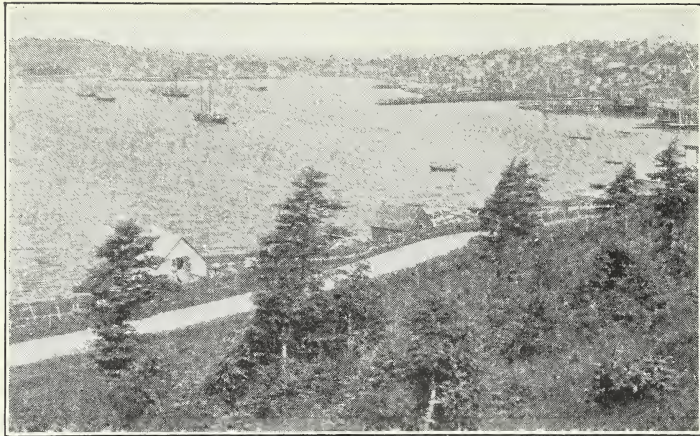
"The wind came and asked, 'What can I do for you, friend tree?'

"The tree answered, 'Blow into the little girl's ear and tell her that she may sleep in my trunk where there is a nice hollow place.'

"Soon the little dream girl was in the arms of the tree.

"Then the tree told the wind to blow into the ear of the friend who was searching for her. The friend was guided to the tree and there he found the little girl and brought her safely back to camp.

"That very next winter, the big, tall tree was chopped down. He was sent floating down the river with many other trees. He was now only a log. But, while the other



HARBOR AT LUNNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA

trees fretted, the big, tall tree was happy.

“‘I am going out into the world,’ he said. ‘I am going to be useful to dream children like the little girl.’ ‘But,’ said the other trees, ‘we do not want to be chairs and tables and desks and beds.’

“‘I shall become a pencil for the little girl,’ said the tree. ‘With me the little girl shall write her stories. Then, too, I shall frame beautiful pictures for people to admire.’

"The other trees only scoffed and went on with their wailing.

"And it happened that the other trees did become chairs and tables and desks and beds. But of the big, tall tree many pencils were made. Writers used the pencils and made stories with them. The little girl became a writer and made stories with them, too.

"But the heart of the big, tall tree became a picture frame, and that same frame hangs over the bed of a little girl. In the frame is a picture of the big, tall tree."

"Oh, Mother," cried the little girl, "is the frame hanging over my bed really a part of the big, tall tree? And, Mother, were you the little dream girl who was lost in the forest?"

To these questions Anne replied, "Yes, dear."



## PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Calèches . . . . .	ká-lěsh'ěz
Cartier . . . . .	kär'tyā'
Chérie . . . . .	shěr-e'
Coté . . . . .	kō-tā'
Dulce . . . . .	dŭls
Histoire . . . . .	ēs-twār
Jacques . . . . .	zhāk
Marthe . . . . .	märt
Monsieur . . . . .	mě-syû'
Montreal . . . . .	mönt-rē-ôl'
Ottawa . . . . .	ôt'â-wà
Oui . . . . .	wē
Pierre . . . . .	pē âr'
Quebec . . . . .	kwē-běk'
Rideau . . . . .	rē-dō
Tante . . . . .	tânt
Vercheres . . . . .	věr-shâr'

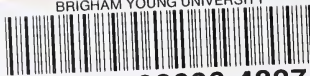








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